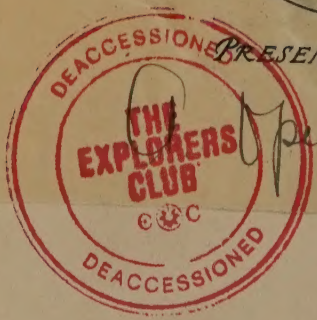
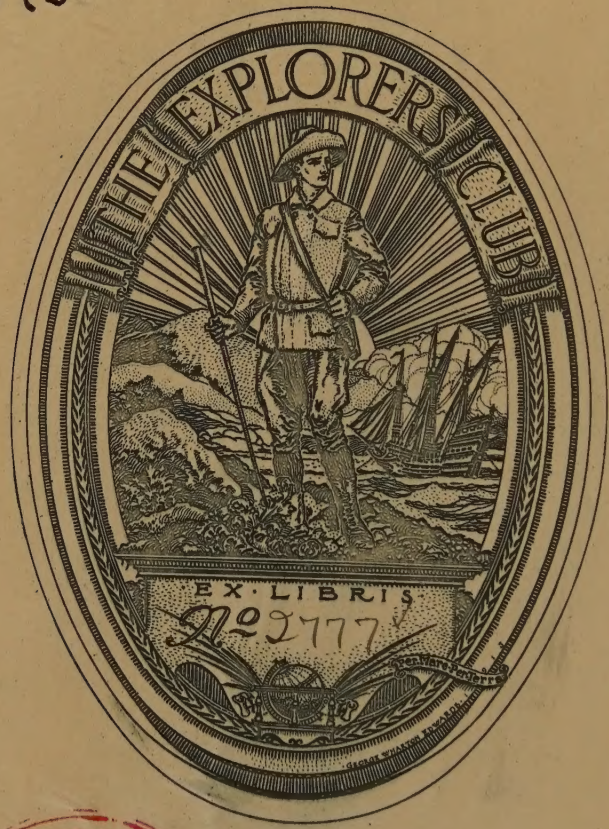


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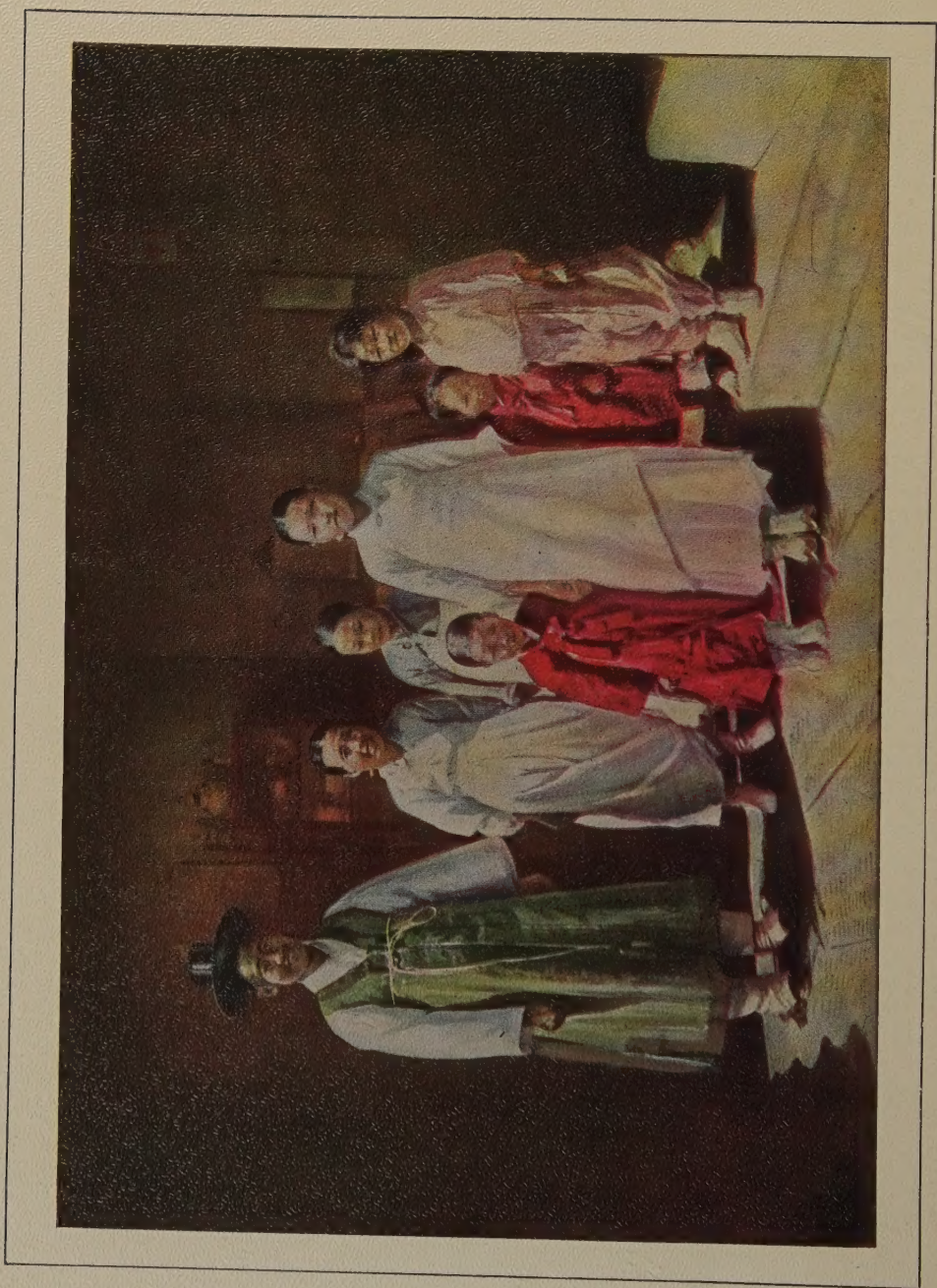
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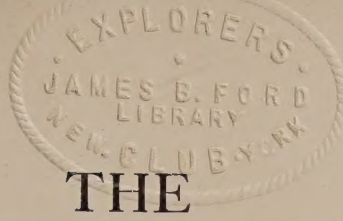


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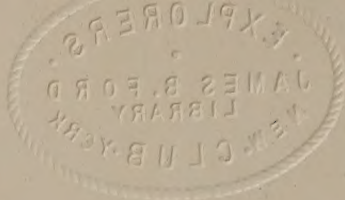
THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES

With Illustrations from Photographs
By the Author



COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES
VOLUME TEN

NEW YORK
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.
MCMV
1905



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2777

SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA



Seoul

....

Capital of Korea

THE CITY of Seoul is the quaintest I have ever seen. A visit to the Korean capital is one of the choicest tidbits on the menu of modern travel.

The usual approach to Korea is by way of Nagasaki, in a Japanese steamer which first touches Fusan, a thriving port at the southern end of the peninsula that we call Korea but which is known to the Japanese as "Cho-Sen"—"The Land of the Morning Freshness," and to its own people by

the newer name of "Ta-han," recently bestowed upon the land by the present ruler, when, as a result of the war between Japan and China, he found himself monarch of an independent country. He had been formerly King of Korea, vassal to the Emperor of China and to the Mikado of Japan. But on the conclusion of the war, Korea was declared an Empire, with the new title of Ta-han, while the ruler raised himself from the rank of King to that of Emperor, so he might reign in Seoul as the equal of their Imperial majesties of Dai Nippon and of the Middle Kingdom, whose capitals are Tokyo and Peking.

The port of
Fusan, distant
one day's
voyage

HIS MAJESTY
THE EMPEROR
OF TA-HAN



Photograph by J. H. Morris

from Nagasaki, is as Japanese in aspect as any city in Japan itself. The houses, shops, and temples are precisely like the houses, shops, and temples of Nagasaki; the people in the streets wear the dress and speak



By permission

ONE OF THE IMPERIAL PRINCES



FUSAN

the language of the Mikado's land. They have been here in force for more than three hundred years ; since the great invasion in 1592 they have never relinquished this foothold on the continent of Asia. Wise indeed in their forethought,



OFF CHI-FU



JAPANESE COLONY AT FUSAN

for there is now a railway in construction that will make this obscure port one of the termini of the Trans-Asiatic line, surpassing Vladivostok and Port Arthur in point of proximity to the main traveled waterways of the Far Eastern Seas.



LEAVING CHI-FU



NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA

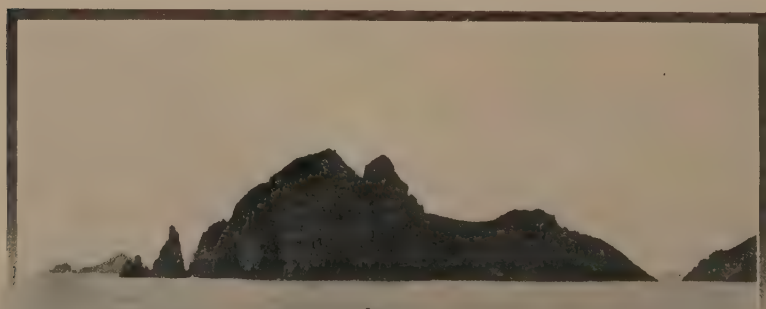
But we approach Korea not from the Japanese, but from the Chinese, side. We sail from Taku, Peking's port; trans-ship at Chi-Fu, and cross the entrance to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li on a steamer of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha,—the Royal Mail Line of Japan,—for the enterprise of Japan is as conspicuous in Korean waters as upon Korean shores. The ship threads her way toward Chemulpo, the chief port of Korea, through



OFF CHEMULPO

an enchanted archipelago—a constellation of shimmering islands set in the placid firmament of a deep, calm, silent sea. Isle after isle glides by—some rocky, savage, and fantastic, some soft, inviting, and luxuriant, but all apparently unpeopled; and the sea itself is lonely as a desert;—no signs of life, no ships, no junks; and yet we are within an hour's sail of Korea's busiest and most important port. Surely the people of Ta-han must fear the sea which washes three sides of their land, or else these waters would not be left for the exclusive furrowing of foreign keels.

We are already in full view of Chemulpo before we see the first Korean craft—a sampan that has ventured out to meet the ship. The boatmen, however, do not lack daring, for they drive the little boat full tilt at the passing steamer, strike the hull just forward of the gangway, and then as the big hull brushes past, two men succeed in gripping ropes or railings and swing themselves with monkey-like agility up to the deck. Meantime their fellows have made fast a rope, and the sampan is trailing gaily in our wake at the end of a long tow-line. Other acrobatic sampan men repeat this maneuver, boarding our ship like pirates in their eagerness to





BOARDERS

solicit the patronage of disembarking passengers. Not knowing that a steam-launch is provided by the steamship company, we hire an unnecessary sampan, and then in company with half a dozen other sampans, we go trailing shoreward, towed by the tender to which the crafty skippers have passed their lines, thus saving themselves a long hard pull against the ebbing tide. Thus we approached Chemulpo under the flag of the Royal Japanese mail. We note that the official in the little white gig — the “tide-waiter” of the port, who boards

all arriving ships — is a Japanese.

The most conspicuous buildings on the shore are Japanese. A Japanese cruiser is at the outer anchorage. The merchant-ships at the buoys near the town are flying the flag of the Empire of the Rising Sun. But the people on the pier are new to us in costume, speech, and customs. Our acquaintance with the Korean



IN A SAMPAN

people begins at the pier, where native stevedores are loading lighters with sacks of rice for export to Japan.

Chemulpo is not an ideal port. It is reached by devious and treacherous channels, through a confusing archipelago, where rapid currents, due to the phenomenal tides, sweep to and fro twice daily, rendering navigation most precarious. At low water scores of junks and even a few small islands are left stranded high and comparatively dry on broad mud flats.



THE PIER AT CHEMULPO

The town is semi-European, semi-Japanese. There is a native quarter inconsiderable and unimportant, but it lies far from the landing-pier, and its existence is not at first apparent. There is a so-called European hotel conducted by a Chinese, but we favor the Japanese *yadoya*, where we find the same attentive service as in Japan, the same dainty little dinners served on tables six inches high, the same soft, matted floors and translucent paper walls. There is nothing about the establishment that is not delightfully Japanese. We forget that we are in Korea, until the next morning when



LOW TIDE

a small eager band of youthful porters, called "gigi boys" comes to carry our belongings to the railway station.

The gigi boy is an institution. Strapped to his back he wears a carrying frame, which seems to be a part of his anatomy—for he is rarely seen without it; upon it burdens of all shapes and sizes may be shelved and ride securely. However small or light the object, it must go on the rack, for the gigi boy objects to manual labor, and insists on being free-handed,—possibly to be prepared for prompt defense,



THE JAPANESE HOTEL

in the event of a sudden brawl, for the coolies at the port appeared to be as quarrelsome as they were cowardly. From Chemulpo, the port, to Seoul, the capital, we go by rail. The line is about twenty-five miles long. The equipment is markedly American; the stock is owned by a Japanese company, but the passengers are unmistakably Korean. They are for the most part gentlemen clad in long white coats, with spotless wadded socks and tall black hats, the latter so curious and complicated that we resolve at once to buy one that we may take it apart and examine it at leisure. In the confusion of departure we have time only for an admiring, amused, and astonished glance at our immaculately robed and gentlemanly fellow-travelers.

The train consists of first-, second-, and third-class coaches, preceded by a string of empty flat-cars. It is hauled by a Baldwin locomotive. As we approach the first suburban station, we see a villa, typically American, perched on a hilltop. The name "Allendale" on the station signboard tells us that this must be the summer





AMERICAN RAILWAY CARS

residence of Dr. Allen, who has represented the United States at the Korean Court for many years.

The country traversed on the way to Seoul is not attractive; the hills look barren, the valleys uncultivated, and the villages along the way unpromising, but as we near our destination, the land grows greener, and the sky-line of the landscape is lifted higher and higher upon the crests of the granite mountains that surround Korea's capital. The railway station is outside the city walls; beyond it lie several of the compact straw-roofed villages that contain a suburban population nearly equal to the intra-mural. The census of Seoul and its suburbs gives a total of about three hundred thousand people,—three hundred thousand fantastic folk, so strangely dressed, so unlike us in thought and custom, that nowhere in the world is there a population more congenial to the lover of the curious and picturesque.

A word as to the pronunciation of the name of the capital of Korea will not be amiss. It is variously mis-spoken. English travelers offend the ear with "Sowl." The French say "Sayoull." Americans, when cornered,

compromise on "Sool," but usually refer to "that big city in Korea." And the form "Seeyoul" is not unknown.

If we turn to foreign-residents we find that every old settler has a pet pronunciation of his own, usually backed up by an article contributed to that unique and interesting local publication, *The Korea Review* (formerly the



A SUBURBAN STATION

Repository), a veritable repository of quaint bits of information about this curious country. To whom, then, shall we turn if not to the natives themselves? I give as my authority countless Korean lips, when I assert that the people of Cho-Sen call their capital city "*So-ul*," the sound being precisely that of the English word "soul" dissyllabified.

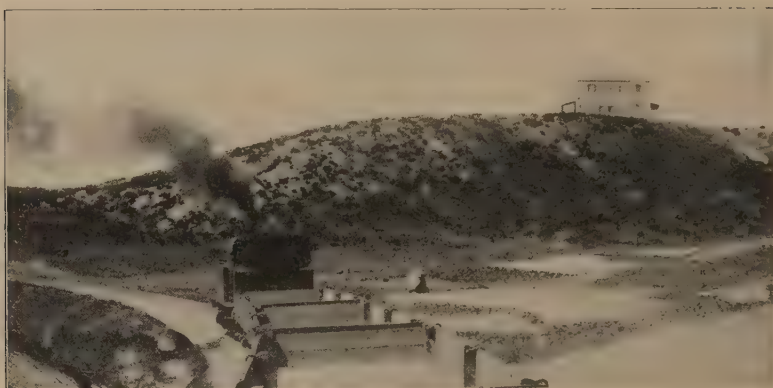
As we alight from the arriving train at the station of this singular city of Seoul, a white-robed youth addresses us in English, and presents a card on which appear the words,

"Station Hotel ; Excellent Accommodations ; Moderate Prices ; Far from the Blare of Military Display " ; and in spite of our predilections for blare of all descriptions, we follow the suave, long-haired lad to the " Station Hotel," a quiet little caravansary established in a series of small Korean houses, only a few paces from the railway terminus. The proprietor and his wife are English people, formerly missionaries in China. Their hotel is more like a cosy little



THE RAILWAY-STATION, SEOUL

home, and under the motherly care of Mrs. Emberly we found the problem of board and lodging in Korea delightfully solved ; while Mr. Emberly, with his knowledge of the language and customs of Korea and his acquaintance with all sorts of people, native and foreign, was of infinite assistance to us in the pursuit of illustrations and experiences. Even the Emberly infants, with their native nurses and Korean playmates, unconsciously assist in furnishing material for



DR. ALLEN'S VILLA

photographic record, as is proved by the picture of their "Anglo-Korean Express," which comes careering through the garden until disaster overtakes it at a sharp turn where it strikes a stump, and sends its passengers sprawling in the dust.

In the course of our first stroll citywards, curious illustrations of Korean customs and methods are noted at every turn. Near the hotel we find a gang of laborers beginning an excavation ; there are nine men in that gang ; they have only one



FELLOW-PASSENGERS

shovel among them, and yet the entire gang is hard at it operating that solitary shovel. One man plants the blade deep in the earth, his eight companions, to the measure of a chanted song, give vigorous yankings to the ropes attached,



ARRIVAL AT SEOUL

jerking the shovel free and thus shooting the clods of earth to a considerable distance. And a few paces from the spot where that crude contrivance is scattering the Korean soil, we find an American surveyor at work with the latest pattern of theodolite, taking levels for the preliminary work on a projected system of water-works and supply pipes, the contract for which has recently been given to an American company.

In line with the surveyor's instrument is a street that leads to the West Gate of Seoul, one of the lesser portals.





THE STATION HOTEL

Through that medieval arch run trolley-wires and tram-car tracks, over it telegraph and telephone wires are festooned; for the spider of modern enterprise is spinning its web of steel about this dormant Oriental metropolis. But



A COZY CARAVANSARY

just as the clanging, chunking car comes arrogantly bursting through the gate, an official sedan-chair, borne silently and with slow dignity in the opposite direction, tells us that the manners and methods of the Middle Ages still persist in this quaint city of Seoul despite the advent of electricity.

Sharp indeed are the contrasts.

The commonplace twentieth century trolley-cars are filled with fantastic personages wearing the dress that was in fashion when



the Ming monarchs of Peking set styles for China and for her tributary states.

The Manchu conquerors overthrew the Ming régime, in China, and

forced unnumbered millions of Chinese to shave their foreheads and to cultivate that snake-like capillary appendage, which even to-day distinguishes the almond-eyed Celestial. But when the wave of conquest spread over the vassal kingdom of Korea, its uncompromising spirit was modified, and



THE KOREAN STEAM SHOVEL

the Korean's coiffure and costume were respected. Coated with the impervious lacquer of Asiatic conservation, the Korean gentleman is to-day, in appearance, the same fantastic figure that he was in 1644. We see comparatively few women in



AN AMERICAN SURVEYOR

the streets. Most of them are shrouded in coats of brilliant green, which are not put on like coats, but merely thrown over the head and clutched under the chin, concealing the faces as do the veils and haiks of Moorish women. The sleeves which dangle free and empty have white cuffs, while long red ribbons add a dash of brilliancy to this striking costume. Sometimes the coat is folded and worn like a tam-o-shanter on the head; and this reveals the fact that the dress beneath the overcoat is not a dress, for it is a pair of baggy trousers. The coat, however, is not supposed to be the woman's own; although its use by married women is general, the fiction has it that it is the fighting costume of the husband, which the faithful wife wears in time of peace—never daring to get

comfortably into it in the ordinary way for fear that in case of sudden alarm there might be some delay in throwing it upon her valiant spouse as he rushes forth to battle. The red ribbons are supposed to have been stained with the blood of enemies wiped from a dripping sword. The women of the lower classes are usually too much occupied with babies and with bundles to bother with the traditional green coat. They show their faces and a clean pair of heels to the observing stranger as they step briskly past. They carry burdens on their heads without apparent effort, and probably without risk of injury to their poor little brains; for the head of nearly every woman is provided with a natural pad composed of her own hair and that of several generations of her



THE WEST GATE

female ancestors braided into a mass the cubic dimensions of which are in some cases astonishing. Fortunately Korean hair is uniform in color, otherwise these braided cushions would offer chromatic capillary contrasts that would be unpleasantly conspicuous even in this land of startling sights.

But we have been led away by a dissertation on the "eternal feminine" from the trolley-cars in which we intend to make a preliminary run across the city. The patron of



LATEST FASHIONS

the line is supposed to board the cars only at the stations where he may secure a ticket, for the Korean conductors are not allowed to collect cash-fares;—they proved themselves so clever in "knocking down" Korean nickels that the management introduced a system of single and fifty-ride punch-tickets. All Seoul knew of this, and nearly every soul in Seoul had his yellow street-car ticket on his person;



GENTLEMAN'S EQUIPAGE

but we not being up-to-date on local matters hail a car midway between two stations. The motor-man obligingly brings his car to a standstill. The conductor in European uniform salutes politely, and before ringing the bell asks in hesitating English, "Ticket have got, gent'-men?" We reply in the same style of Oriental English, "Ticket no have got." "Ticket must have," is the next speech. "Ticket gladly will buy," is our reply. "Money to receive out of my power is. Ticket *must* have," is the next effort of the little man. Meantime the passengers begin to grow impatient. "But here is money, four times the fare; take it, and move on," we insist. Sadly the timid little chap protests, "Out of my power money to receive, no can do if ticket no have got, *please* go away." And this so pitifully that we leave the car,



BUNDLES AND BABIES



THE HAIR OF
SEVERAL GENERATIONS

He is the best-dressed guide that ever smiled into my camera. He speaks English that is eminently comprehensible, for he was chief interpreter for the late General Greathouse, the American legal-adviser to the King. We liked to be seen with Mr. Pak, although we always felt ashamed of our crude, inartistic, and convenient clothes,

asking as we do so, "Do you know where we can buy tickets?" He looks at us with a helpless smile, his hand upon the bell-rope, and replies, "Yes, *I know, but it is too difficult to say!*"

Thereupon we return to the hotel to meet our future guide, interpreter, and friend, who will henceforth accompany us to help us surmount the awkward barriers of language that rise in the path of the stranger and the alien. Mr. Pak-Kee-Ho is the most picturesque cicerone it has ever been my fortune to employ.



A LADY OF CHO-SEN



A TROLLEY-CAR STATION

for he wears exquisite attire immaculately laundered. His hat of horsehair and split bamboo is of the costlier quality,



A BEVY OF BEAUTY

worth twenty-five or thirty dollars, and his teeth, like those of all Korean gentlemen, are perfect. The entire nation has fine teeth: the smiles of rich and poor alike reveal magnificent rows of well-formed ivories of purest white. The secret of it all is *salt*. No toothbrushes are used, no dental preparations, but every day the teeth are rubbed with a finger moistened and dipped in common salt. Mr. Pak is



MR. PAK-KEE-HO

a man of family, with a wife, two children, a mother-in-law, and a maid-servant, yet we command his services for the equivalent of thirty-seven and a half cents a day. He himself fixed the price, said by old residents to be exorbitant;— we pay it without a murmur, after the manner of extravagant Americans. His help was worth ten times its cost.

Mrs. Pak may be taken as a fair type of the Korean woman, placid of expression, gentle and unassuming of



MR. PAK

manner, respectful, self-effacing, and submissive like all Asiatic wives. The most important and time-consuming task of the Korean matron is the laundering of the husband's dainty dresses. The delicate tulle-like fabric, affected by the gentleman of fashion, is never ironed; instead it is beaten out with a pair of wooden paddles, a process that gives it a peculiar, much-prized luster. The music of the laundering-sticks is one of the characteristic sounds of Seoul;—at all



MR. PAK AT HOME

hours of the day, in all parts of the city, the passer-by is greeted by that everlasting, xylophonic "rag-time," played by hundreds of wifely hands, wielding those ironing wands of wood. No wonder that Mr. Pak wears a smile of broad content as he reveals to us his happy little home,—a revelation he would not have made had he shared the prejudices and beliefs of his neighbors, whose wives are rarely seen by



THE HOUSE OF THE GREAT BELL



THE BUDDHIST PAGODA

strangers or even by the masculine friends of the husband.

With Mr. Pak we now proceed to see the sights of Seoul. The first is the big bell of Chong-No. It may be seen by peering through the bars of the bell-house, but it is rarely heard. Formerly it gave the signal for the opening and the closing of the city-gates. Its boom was once regarded as a voice of command, regulating the daily life of the

metropolis; but now the gates cannot be shut until the trolley-cars stop running, and the nightly "owl-car," being quite as uncertain here as elsewhere, the disgusted bell has lapsed into indignant silence, and



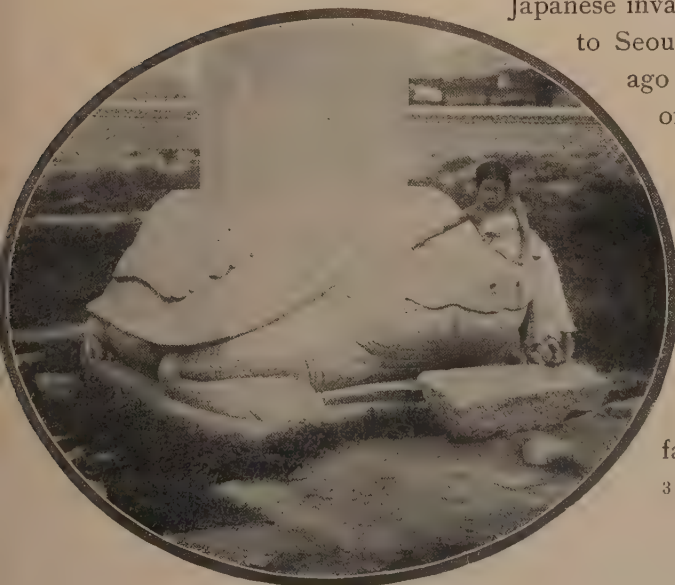
A UNIQUE ARTISTIC MONUMENT

broods upon the evils brought upon the city by the electric chariots introduced by the new traction-syndicate.

Another sight of Seoul is a Buddhist monument, an ornate marble pagoda with curious figures in relief on every face and panel. It was a gift from a Chinese Emperor whose daughter married a Korean King long years ago,—so long ago, Mr. Pak assures me, that no one knows anything about the event. But it is common knowledge that the

Japanese invaders when they came to Seoul three hundred years ago undertook to carry it off as a war-trophy.

They removed the topmost tiers, which now rest near the base, and then abandoned their attempt. Nearby is another curious stone in the form of a fat tortoise supporting



HER PET



APPROACH TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE

a tall tablet. For many years the pagoda and the tortoise were hidden in the maze of narrow alleys of a poverty-stricken quarter, but this has been recently cleared away to make room for a projected public garden of which these



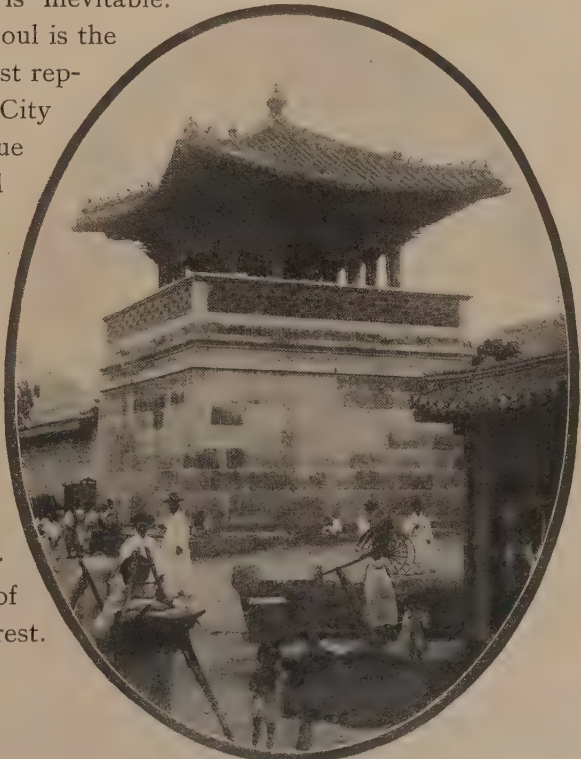
MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING MASONRY



THE PALACE WALL

long-lost marble curios will be the chief attraction; the modernizing of Seoul is inevitable.

The great sight of Seoul is the Imperial Palace, a modest replica of the Forbidden City in Peking. The avenue of approach is long and wide, bordered by the low structures housing the various departments of the government. The background is imposing, a range of tall sharp peaks over which the city walls go climbing in sweeping zigzags, hanging like long festoons of masonry from every crest.



A CORNER TOWER



GUARDIAN OF THE PALACE GATE

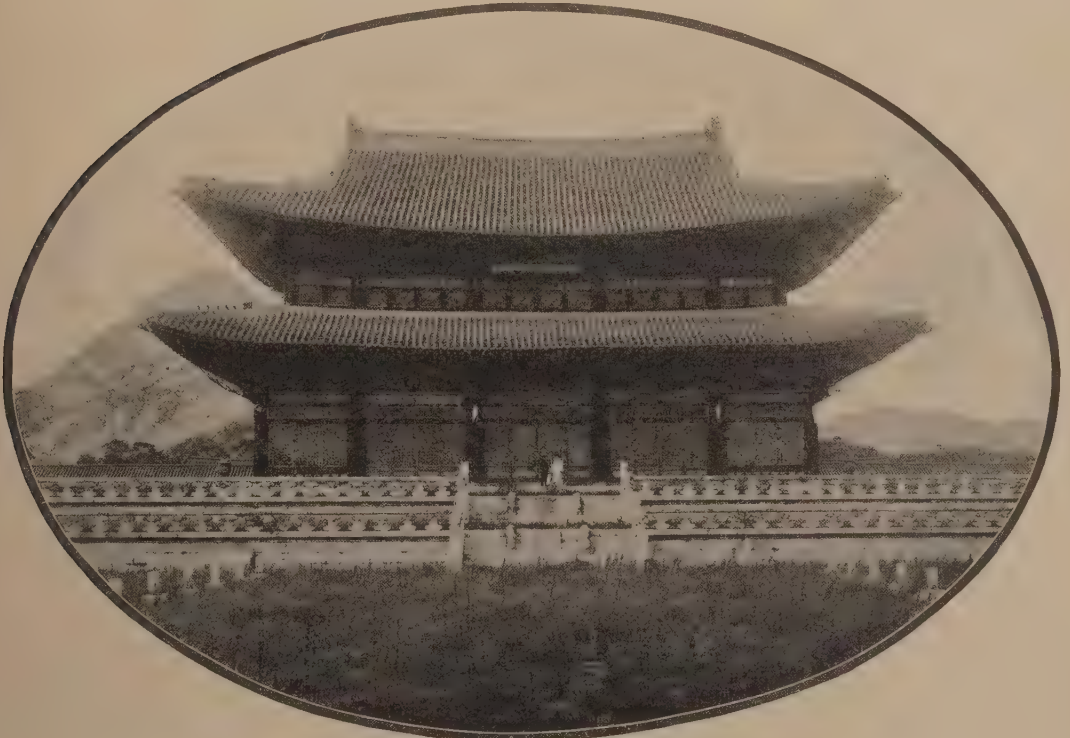
The main gate of the Imperial City is definitely closed. The palace is abandoned, as a place accursed, a place of tragic memories. The emperor may be pardoned for refusing to set

foot again within its precincts, for the last years of his sojourn there were years of mental torture, of violence and terror. The ferocious, grinning lions stationed at the gate are there to ward off conflagrations, evil influences, and all manner of misfortune, but their grimaces were as unavailing as those of the array of little figures perched on the tiled



REAL FAIRYLAND

roofs of the gates and towers. Those little porcelain apes and pigs and demons seen on every royal roof are used as "Spirit Scare-crows." Their fantastically repellent presence on the housetop is supposed to discourage the efforts of unwelcome spirits to install themselves under the roof on which the comic little sentries sit. We find them even on



THE IMPERIAL AUDIENCE HALL

the roof of the Imperial Audience Hall, looking like lines of small boys glissading down the ridges of the roofs. But faith in their saving powers must have been rudely shaken by the events that have transpired here in this splendid home of Korean Majesty. For as we look upon the empty throne of the Emperor in the great, gorgeous hall, we recall the trouble and the tragedy that have marked his unhappy reign.

Vassal to China, by virtue of an oath taken by one of his ancestors in the dim, almost prehistoric past; vassal to Japan by virtue of the semimythical conquest of Korea by a woman Mikado in the year 202 B. C. and of the well-authenticated conquest by Hideyoshi's army in 1592, the ill-starred King of Korea found himself, in 1894, helpless between two rival sovereign nations, both of which claimed the right to send their troops into Korea to quell a small rebellion in the southern provinces. China dispatched her troops in transports without notifying Japan in advance, as she was bound to do by an old agreement. Japan, proud of her modern ships and well-drilled regiments, eager to play with her new fighting-toys, seized this convenient opportunity and poured her marvelously efficient forces into the peninsula. Quick work was made of the Chinese pretensions in Korea. The Celestial army routed at Ping Yang; the Celestial fleet annihilated at the Yalu River; the modern forts at Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei captured; this is the

story of Japan's rapid and victorious campaign.

Thus the royal gentleman who dwells amid the lotus-ponds of the palace



THE SUMMER PAVILION

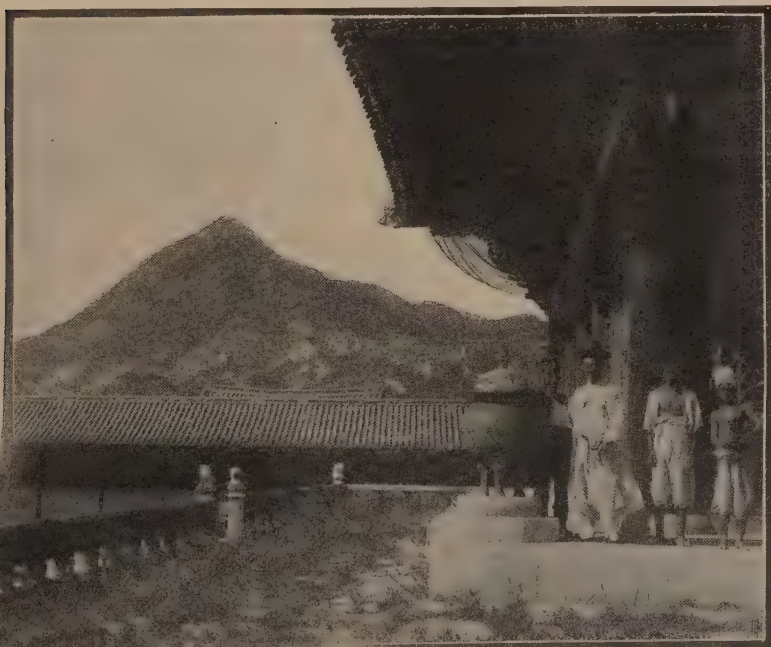


THE IMPERIAL THRONE

park of Seoul found himself, despite himself, absolved from his vassalage to China, and also to Japan who voluntarily renounced her claims, substituting, however, for the shadow of feudal rights, the substance of a military occupation of the country. She then proceeded to reform Korea with lightning-like rapidity, attempting to accomplish here, among a conservative people, the marvelous work of



IN THE PALACE PARK



AN ABANDONED PALACE



THE LOTUS-POND

modernization, which had proved so successful in Japan. Sweeping indeed were the reforms she forced upon the timid,



FANCIFUL ARCHITECTURE

startled Hermit Nation which she had roused from medieval dreams; a new constitution; the Christian calendar; abolition of hereditary office-holding, of child-marriages, and of slavery; establishment of Sunday as a day of rest; modification of all sorts of old laws and customs, compelling the shortening of the long pipes of the nobles, and, worst of all, the cutting off of the national topknot, that tightly twisted tuft of hair cultivated upon the crown of every male Korean and regarded by him as the

mark of manhood; this was the unkindest cut of all.

The poor king, practically a prisoner of the reforming enthusiasts from Japan, signed one tradition-killing edict after another, to the horror and amazement of his people. He was the first to cut his hair; the royal topknot was the first to fall. Then, to keep the ball of Progress rolling, men were stationed at the palace gates, with long keen shears to clip the topknots from the head of every noble, prince, or commoner who entered. At the city-gates other deputy barbers,



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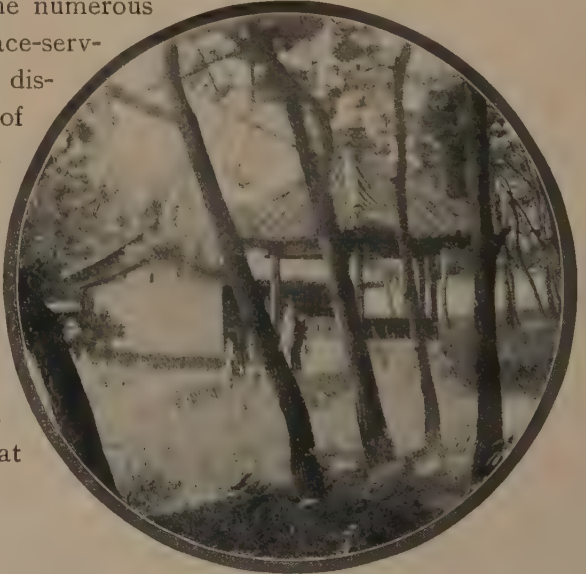
THE FATHER OF THE EMPEROR



WHERE THE QUEEN
WAS MURDERED

supported by the military, seized the peasants as they came to town, and forcibly deprived them of their medieval coiffure. And this went on until a famine threatened, for, the news spreading to the country districts, the farmers ceased to come to town. They

retaliated for the cutting off of topknots by the cutting off of food-supplies. Then the official shearers went abroad in the land, reaping a hairy harvest, but sowing in every shorn head the seeds of sedition and hatred of the Japanese reformers. At last the obnoxious clipping ceased. The Japanese thought best to recall their capillary gleaners while pressing the political and economic reforms. But no apparent progress was made; an unseen hand had thrust a stick into the wheels of the reform machinery. The numerous useless officials and palace-servants who had been dismissed, as a matter of economy, reappeared and began to draw their salaries as before. The Japanese reforms stood, on paper, but promised to remain ineffectual, all because one clever woman was opposed to them. That



WHERE THE QUEEN WAS CREMATED



ONE OF THE THRONE ROOMS

woman was the Queen, a daughter of the Chinese clan of the Mings. She commanded the confidence of all the old conservatives and court parasites, as well as the blind obedience of the doting King, whom she had ruled for many years.

She had succeeded to that dominant place in the direction of affairs that had been held in earlier years by the father of the king, the famous Tai Wen Koon, who for a time was more than King himself. That most astute of native politicians was ruler of the land during and even after the minority of his son, the present monarch, who was not born to the purple but had been appointed King. The Tai Wen Koon was to Korea what the Empress Dowager has been to China—the power behind and above the imperial throne. But his supremacy was temporarily eclipsed. The



WHERE THE QUEEN'S ASHES WERE SCATTERED

royal daughter-in-law was all-powerful within the palace, the Japanese reformers controlled the administration.

Meantime the country was distracted. The King was overwhelmed by the impossible task of reconciling the progressive policy of his self-appointed liberators and mentors from Japan, and the obstinate conservatism of his entourage. It was evident that so long as the Queen lived and ruled the King, reform must remain a dead letter. A deed that stained the honor of Japan removed the arch



IMPERIAL BUILDINGS

enemy of progress. With the connivance of the Mikado's forces a mob, in which were mingled both Koreans and Japanese, was permitted to break into the palace. Several of the palace women, mistaken for the Queen, were killed in the confusion. The King took refuge in the corner room of the Queen's private pavilion. There he was overpowered and the Queen was killed before his eyes. Her body was carried to the adjacent grove of pines, drenched with petroleum, and burned on the spot now marked by a simple shrine. The



AT THE UNITED STATES LEGATION

remains were utterly consumed save for a finger, which was found later caught in a casement of the room where she had struggled with her murderers. The ashes were scattered upon the surface of a lotus-pond. Therefore the real tomb of

RESIDENCE OF THE MINISTER OF
THE HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Korea's queen is marked by the pagoda on an island in that pond, while the mausoleums which we are soon to visit mark the successive resting-places of the one little finger that escaped the fury of the regicides. Thereafter for a year the terrorized King, practically a prisoner, was coerced by the triumphant radical party to dishonor the Queen's memory



PANORAMA FROM

with defamatory proclamations, reducing her posthumously to the rank of servant. For a time the royal father, the once ultra-conservative, progress-hating Tai Wen Koon, became a leader among the rabid radicals. Meantime Japan, ashamed of the part played by her ill-chosen, overzealous emissaries, recalled her troops and officials, leaving the Korean revolu-

tionaries to carry out the reforms with which she had hoped to bless the nation. But one morning the party in power awoke to find itself proscribed; the King had escaped from the palace, thanks to a clever scheme planned by the palace ladies. Dressed as a woman, he was smuggled away in a sedan-chair to the Russian Legation, where for a year he held



ER SANDS' GARDEN

his court under the protection of the Russian representative and a guard of marines from a Russian ship-of-war. Within twenty-four hours of his escape, the ministers who had held him captive were either killed or forced to flee. Two were hacked to pieces by a loyal mob in the main street. Then came another rain of edicts and proclamations, declaring null

and void all that had been done and ordered by the King while in the power of his enemies. To-day the King in his new dignity as Emperor lives in a new palace in a restricted enclosure, under the very shadow of the legations of the foreign powers, in whom by turns he puts his trust. At one time we hear of secret passages leading from the palace to one legation, or of gates devised to facilitate his flight into



THE POWER-HOUSE

the gardens of another. But in no one has the Emperor placed more implicit confidence than in his next-door neighbor, Dr. H. N. Allen, Minister of the United States. Dr. Allen has been many years in Korea, first as a missionary, then as a physician to the court, and finally as our diplomatic representative. From the staff of the American legation the King has chosen many of his foreign advisers. A former *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. Sands, is now Minister of the



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THE RUSSIAN LEGATION IN SEOUL

Imperial Household Department, practically a member of the cabinet, treated with as much respect as a Korean noble, and housed in a luxurious residence on a height that overlooks the palace of his Imperial Master.

Other foreigners in Korean service have done the state some service. Prominent among them is Mr. MacLeavy Brown, a subject of Great Britain, in charge of the Imperial



AN AMERICAN HOME

Customs. Another man who has become a power in the land is Mr. Bostwick, the leading spirit of the Seoul Electric Railway Company, an American syndicate that not only controls the local trolley-line, but has introduced electric lighting, water-works, and paved roads. The American power-houses are sending thrills of electrifying energy along the deadened nerves of this sleepy and secluded capital.

We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick in their pretty little house, where every night a dinner, such as one would not expect to find this side of Fifth Avenue, is spread in the glow of incandescent lamps; and after dinner, while the



AN AMERICAN GARDEN

hostess at the piano runs over the latest importations from the music-stores of San Francisco, we watch from the windows the fantastic lanterns of the funeral processions that file past always after dark, and we shudder as the uncanny chorus of the hired mourners breaks in upon the lovey-dovey measures of the sextet from "Florodora."

Another American home is that of the chief engineer of the Electric Company, where hospitality is dispensed by another charming hostess, who has created a little corner suggestive of California, in a garden just outside the walls of the Korean Capital.

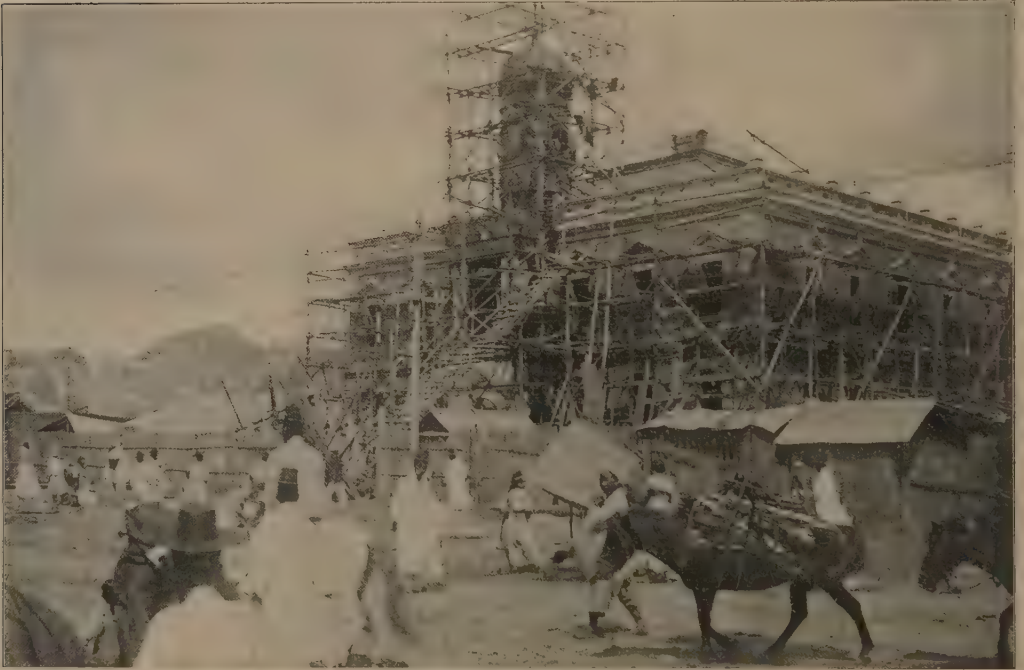
The missionaries of religion are here, as well as those of science and material progress. But that is another story, which I shall not attempt to tell although it merits well the telling. Sufficient to say that the Catholics have been here for more than a hundred years, enduring many persecutions. Their churches occupy the most commanding sites. The Protestants, although more recently arrived, are already well established in buildings that are as admirable in intent as they are inartistic in design. On esthetic grounds Korea would be justified in demolishing the hideous buildings with which the unpardonable bad taste of the foreigner has disfigured the most conspicuous elevations within the city walls. But quite as hideously incongruous as the missionary buildings are the trolley-cars of Seoul. They should have been made to look like dragons, or junks, or sedan-chairs on wheels, but alas! the uncompromising spirit of the white man imposes on all the Oriental lands he conquers commercially or industrially the stamp of utilitarian ugliness, which he regards as the sign and badge of Occidental civilization.

The trolley-car has begun the revolution of city life in Seoul. It has prevailed where Imperial commands, backed by the military of Japan had failed, — namely, in the matter of the topknot. The manager of the company had but to say the word and the motor-men and the



A FASHIONABLE EQUIPAGE

conductors quietly clipped off their cherished topknots and donned the uniform caps of foreign fashion. But even the "trolley reforms." have not been accomplished without some opposition; there have been strikes and riots and popular demonstrations against the modernization of Seoul. Yet many time-honored customs are now obsolete. Formerly the gates were closed at night; at eight o'clock the great bell gave the



THE NEW OFFICES OF THE TRACTION SYNDICATE

signal for all men to retire from the streets, which then became till midnight the property of the Korean women, who had been all day confined by custom to their homes. There were many women who had never seen the streets except by night, and there were few men who knew the streets save in their daytime aspect. Men's only passports to the streets at night were total blindness or a prescription to be filled at the nearest drug-shop. But now the women walk abroad by day and



AN OFFICIAL CHAIR

men stay out nights, as in more civilized communities. In fact, the latter seem to be resolved to make up for keeping early hours in the past by sleeping out all night in the streets. The tram-car track is their favorite couch, for the rail is shaped like the pillow on which Korean sleepers rest the



A TROLLEY-CAR

neck, and like it, is extremely hard. We often saw long rows of white-clad citizens, like prostrate ghosts, laid out on mats of straw, snoring in ecstasy, their necks reposing on the cool, and, to them, comfortable rails.

One night the 11:30 owl-car was delayed. The lodgers on its beat, not knowing that it had not passed, retired at the usual hour. The tragic results were two decapitations and a tumult. Thereupon the company posted on every trolley-pole in town a proclamation declaring that no one would be permitted to sleep upon the track, and that the rails were private property, not public pillows. The placards were deciphered by indignant citizens; the prohibition was declared an interference with the rights of individuals; the posters were torn down or scratched off during the following night. Then, a riot being imminent, the company capitulated, and the triumphant populace continues to enjoy the night air with their necks upon the chilly steel, heroically defying the electric guillotine. And now the owl-car runs on schedule-time or else defers its homeward trip till morning.



THE EAST GATE



RESTING ON THE CITY WALL

Could cinematograph pictures be projected on the pages of this book, or exhibited by means of some simple little instrument that could be operated on the library-table (and this now bids fair to be soon accomplished), then one of our motion-pictures would at this juncture reproduce for the reader the sensations we enjoyed while dashing along the



READING A PLACARD

thoroughfares of Seoul on one of those swift trolleys, first toward the East Gate from the straw-roofed suburbs,—the gate looming bigger and bigger, until at last we curve through a courtyard, and plunge into the tunnel-like arch from which we emerge to skim straight away up the main street of Seoul, scaring horses, and spreading dismay among the white-robed denizens of the Korean Capital. But pending the perfecting of the device that will bring the living



THE SOUTH GATE MARKET

illustrations produced by animated photography within the circle of the family reading-lamp, there revealing the very *life* of foreign lands, we must be content with pictures that suggest movement even if they do not reproduce it.

I wonder if those who read these words appreciate the value of motion-pictures as a means of recording life as it is lived in this century, that those who live in the next

may actually *see* the *living* figures of men and women who lived in the same world a hundred years before?

Life is indeed the most profitable study in the world, for all life is divine; and he who loves not everything that lives is unworthy of his portion of the joy of living. To picture life is the end and aim of art. Biography—the writing of



EARLY COMERS

life—is the end and aim of literature. To record life in such a way that every gesture, movement, and expression of one man or of a hundred men may be reproduced at will and make that man or that multitude appear to live again and reenact their parts, this is the end and aim of the art-science of motion-photography. Motion-photography is, in the truest

sense—Biography. Is it not the writing of life in a universal language—that of action? Rich men are founding libraries of all kinds; why not a Biographical library in this new sense; an institution where the life and manners and events of the present, recorded on the scrolls of cinematographic film, shall be preserved for the study and information



THE MORNING MARKET

of posterity? Think what it would mean could we to-day behold upon the screen, the moving semblance of Shakespeare, observe the step and gesture of George Washington, see the bitter smile of Bonaparte, or even study the pantomime of the great actors of the past! We have scores of portraits of George Washington painted by great artists,

engravings by men of mark ; but every portrait is unlike every other, and we know not which represents the man himself. A motion-portrait would show him to us as he appeared in life to his contemporaries. I crave a few of the generous millions now being transformed into libraries, for a Library of Cinematographic Records, thanks to which posterity will find it possible to awake the ghosts of all the great men of this and intervening generations, and to cause the people of



THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE

to-day, and of to-morrow, the people of all lands and all races,—some of which may then be extinct—to play their parts anew, and thus bring into close and intimate comparison the personality of individuals and the manners and peculiarities of multitudes separated from one another by a long lapse of years. Time and space are not barriers to vision ; for example, have we not shown upon the magic screen in the great cities of America, the Korean crowds of hundreds

of our fellow-creatures reënacting their unconscious little comedy of customs as they had played it many months before, eight thousand miles away, on the other side of the world, in the streets of a city few of us had ever seen?



IN THE STREET

There is much contrast in the streets of Seoul, for some are wide as the boulevards of Paris, others as narrow as the alleys of Canton. The excellent condition of the main arteries is due to the efforts of an official who tried to realize at home what he had seen in Washington while acting as Korean minister. He cleared the wide streets of the shacks and shanties which had sprung up there like mushrooms under the tolerance of corrupt officials; he paved the thoroughfares, and made and enforced ordinances for their care and preservation. Therefore the streets of Seoul, which formerly were worse even than those of Peking, are now better than those of any native city in the Orient. The

passing show is always interesting. Just let us glance a moment at the passers-by, so queerly clad, so curiously mannered.

Note the coolies, bearing on their backs burdens of amazing bulk, but light in weight, for they are stacks of empty baskets of bamboo covered with yellow paper. Observe the bulls buried in loads of brush and firewood, like oxen ready for a barbecue. And then look at the hats! Let us begin with the biggest, almost a yard square, made of straw and worn by a peasant. But the rough straw hat of the farmer which costs only two or three cents must not be confounded with the elegant creation assumed by gentlemen when they go into mourning upon the loss of a near relative.



BULKY BURDENS

The loss of a father is a calamity, its bitterness enhanced by the isolation to which it dooms the bereaved son, who for three full years must wear a long grass-cloth coat, hide his mournful brow beneath a scalloped roof of straw, and

screen his tear-dimmed eyes by holding to his face a square of yellow grass-fabric, stretched on two slender sticks. Thus he must keep his form and features from the gaze of men for the prescribed period of one thousand and ninety-five days.

Korea is indeed the land of hats, and every hat has its significance. But first of all, whence comes the conventional headgear of the Korean gentleman?—that curious cone of horsehair or split bamboo on a bamboo frame, so delicate, so inconvenient, and so picturesque! Like all things interesting, it is the result of evolution. Once upon a time, —for the story goes a long way back, back to the days of feudal strife, of clashing clans, pretenders to the throne and rival claimants for the favors of the king—once upon a time a wise king hit upon a plan to tame his quarrelsome lords and princes and put a check upon conspiracies. “If men cannot



HUMAN TRUCKS



FIREWOOD

put their heads together, they cannot conspire," said this king; "therefore, my lords, you must wear hats so big that you will have to shout to one another." He prescribed the size and shape of hats for all his subjects, and made the constant wearing of the hat obligatory. The removal of it was regarded as an act of treason; injury to the hat brought deep disgrace upon the wearer. Thus fighting and conspiracy were snuffed out by those hats which were so big that men could not converse save in loud tones, and dared not fight because the hat was made of pottery, and a broken hat meant a broken fortune at court. For years all male Koreans tottered around under the weight of flaring hats as big and breakable as punch-bowls. Then times began to change, and the Korean hat began its evolution. Gradually the pottery hat fell into "innocuous desuetude," a well-merited fate, and finally the fantastic fly-traps of to-day emerged triumphant in their elegance and comfort, with which are still

combined some of the essential bigness and breakability. It is still quite impossible for a Korean to indulge in a brawl without accumulating evidence thereof in the form of damaged headgear. It is bad form, even to-day, to uncover the head. Hats on, in doors and out—this is the rule of courtesy.

So much for the why and wherefore of the hat. Now for the thing itself. It is of three composite parts: First the



BOY'S HEADS AND MEN'S HATS

fillet of woven horsehair bound around the head so tightly that it keeps all ideas out. It confines the upturned hair gathered to form an erect topknot; over this is placed a cap of conical shape with a sort of terrace in front, and over this in turn the broad-brimmed glossy hat, now immutable in form, but of a hundred varying qualities; for hats which look to us precisely similar may cost anywhere from two to forty dollars. No male Korean, no matter what his age, is



A MOURNING ORPHAN

regarded as a man till he has duly donned the hat that enshrines the sacred topknot. No man may don the hat until he has assumed the topknot and is prepared to marry. A professed bachelor is not regarded as a man even though he live a hundred years. He remains in the estimation of his fellows a mere unsophisticated boy, and is treated as a boy and like a boy must go bareheaded, his hair parted in the middle and plaited down his back. This coiffure gives the



MORE HEADS AND HATS

boys of Seoul a feminine but not effeminate appearance, and foreign visitors frequently remark upon the boldness of the pretty little tom-boy girls with whom they have been flirting. But when the boy becomes engaged, which sometimes happens even at the tender age of ten or twelve, he is then prospectively a man, distinguished from his playmates who have no definite matrimonial prospects, by the wearing of a hat similar in form to the man's hat, but made of yellow

straw. A proud young fiancé, crowned with the ante-nuptial hat and robed in the traditional pink dress, is no infrequent figure in the throng. Juvenile benedicts-to-be enjoy all the freedom given to the boys and most of the distinction accorded to men, and as a result carry themselves with a certain amount of reserve and dignity, their childhood hid away beneath the hat and their playful instincts tied up in the topknot.

Still another form of hat is the translucent crown of yellowish oiled-paper, seen usually in rainy weather; it is merely a waterproof cover designed to protect the precious hat; it may be taken off, folded like a fan, and stowed away as easily as we should close an ordinary umbrella.



Photograph by J. H. Morris

TAKING COMFORT

The South Gate is the chief landmark of Seoul, a busy meeting-place for the tides that flow from the city to the suburbs and from the suburbs to the city. Gates in the Orient are held in high respect. They usually bear bombastic names; and the gates of Seoul, which we call simply



A CROWD

the West, East, or South Gates, are known to the natives as the Portals of "Bright Amiability," "High Ceremony" or "Elevated Humanity."

Out through the South Gate we were speeding one day, on a special car provided by the company, to facilitate our cinematographic work, when to our horror we beheld a bull-cart stuck fast in the track, making a collision very

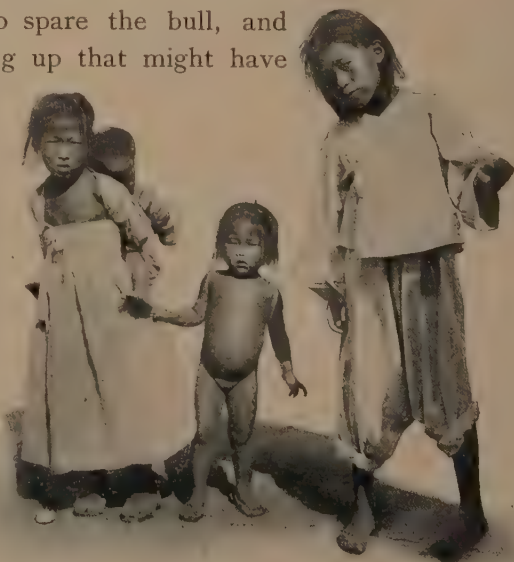


THE SOUTH GATE



THE AVERTED CATASTROPHE

imminent; but, continuing to turn the crank of our instrument, we completed the picture to an anxious finish, the car stopping just in time to spare the bull, and incidentally, avoid a shaking up that might have been disastrous. Then, after the balky bull has been led to a place of safety, and the old cart with its sprawling wheels has been backed away, we continue our interrupted trolley party, whizzing out through the suburbs and along the country roads to a pretty village on the banks of the broad, placid river Han.



KOREAN "KIDS"

The river towns are picturesque, the vistas from the bluffs are characterized by freshness and calm that may have suggested the old native name of Korea, "Cho-sen," which means the "Country of the Morning Calm," or "Land of Morning Freshness." The Korean climate is one of the most perfect in the world, a fitting climate for a land of gentle aspect where peace broods upon the hills and valleys and silence rests upon the waters. We register a vow that



BY THE RIVER HAN

sometime we will come to this strange land with that most precious asset of the traveler—time, plenty of time—and invest it wisely, sailing away up a wide river into the almost unknown interior provinces, into the Korea of yesterday, to which few echoes of the outer world have penetrated.

But for the present there is enough of interest within a few miles of the walls of Seoul to yield us generous dividends upon our very small preliminary investment. Not far from

the West Gate stand two significant constructions, marking the beginning of the road that leads to China, the road along which travelers make their way from Seoul to Peking, the journey occupying many weeks. Two naked pillars are the sole remnants of an arch where the Korean King was wont to receive the emissaries of the Emperor of China and to do them homage as a subject and a vassal of the monarch



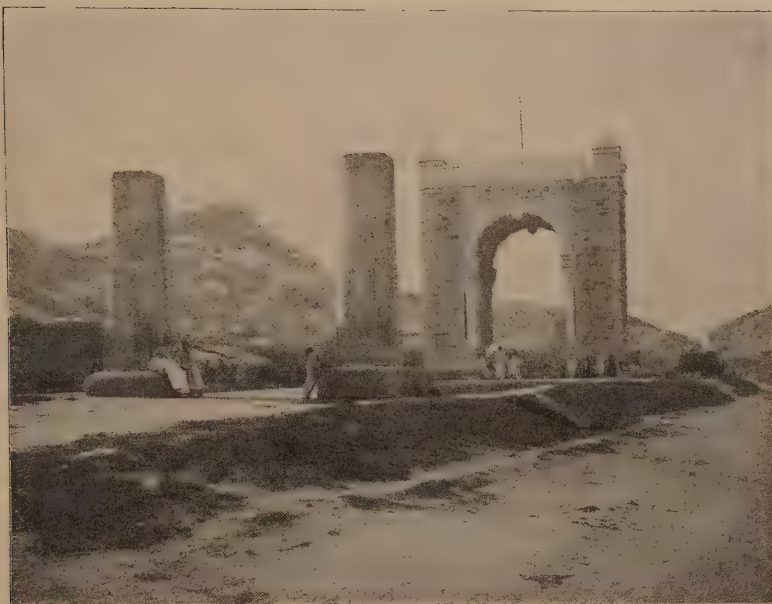
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BRIDGE OVER THE HAN

at Peking. The characters upon the new arch tell of its significance; for they read, "Standing Alone"; that is to say, "Korea is now independent." The road cuts through a range of hills and disappears, tempting us to follow it at least a little way on its long trip to the Celestial Capital. Accordingly we find ourselves a little later in the cut called the Peking Pass, through which a constant stream of country folk is flowing. Carts laden with big stones for the new



A "BULLY" BRAKE



INDEPENDENCE ARCH



THE PEKING PASS

palace come creaking down the hill, the poor bulls, aided by the driver, striving to hold back the crushing weight and keep the clumsy contrivance under control on the steep



AN ANCESTRAL TOMB

grades. But even the combined efforts of the man and bull in front could not prevent a catastrophe were it not for the help afforded by another man and another bull behind. The second animal is harnessed backwards to the rear of the vehicle and backs down hill, keeping the stern-hawsers taut; for when they slacken, the man tightens the line made fast to a ring in the bull's nose, and thus in an attempt to save his nose the bull acts as a brake on the descending cart.

Even in the open country we encounter the Korean gentleman in his immaculate white clothes, strolling along with a semipompous air as if the world belonged to him and he were out to have a look at his property. He loves to

spend long hours with his fellows in idle contemplation near some suburban spring ; for the Koreans are immensely fond of nature and have boundless faith in pure spring water as a panacea. But at the same time he regards all water as purē ; that water, the cleansing element, can itself be dirty, is something the average native cannot understand. He makes of his family-tombs a place of frequent pilgrimages, which partake more of the nature of picnics. Rich men and nobles have elegant little houses near the ancestral necropolis, where they can spend the summer days in comfort



YE CHAI SOON

and entertain their friends as at a country villa. While we were lingering in the burial grove of a noble family, a servant approaches, asks our names and nationality, retires, and then returns to inform us that the Prince Ye Chai Soon,



A PRINCELY HOST

a cousin to the Emperor, familiarly known as the "Fat Prince," is in the "Resting House" near at hand and will be pleased to receive the foreign gentleman.

The prince, a portly man, who in spite of his strange dress and his fantastic gauze-hat, has something the manner of a modern clubman, greets us at the door, leads us down to a delicious spring, and bids us drink of the life-giving waters, telling us that whenever he feels ill, he withdraws from town to pass a week in contemplation and water-drinking near his grandmother's grave. Then he invites us into

his neat and trim little summer cottage. The rooms are not unlike those of a Japanese house in their simplicity and bareness. There are straw mats on the floor, but underneath them is a carpet of tough Korean paper. There are sliding-screens of translucent paper as windows, other sliding-screens of opaque paper to darken the interior, and, hooked up to the ceiling, stout paper-clad partitions that may be let down at will to form small rooms or closets. A fascinating house for tricks, deceptions, and concealments — a veritable “magic cabinet,” a tempting toy for grown-up children.

The Prince regales us with cups of tepid rice-tea and glasses of warm beer. Strangely enough, tea is scarcely known to the people of Korea in spite of the fact that their



IN A HOUSE OF PAPER

nearest neighbors, Japan and China, are the great tea-growing countries of the world. We entertain His Highness with our portable machine for showing miniature motion-pictures, the like of which he has never seen before. He grows enthusiastic and begs us to allow him to take the instrument to the Palace to show it to the Emperor. We gladly acquiesce, and after teaching him how to operate the instrument, we resume our tramp through the suburban villages and along the country roads all submerged in sunshine.



A KOREAN INTERIOR

Those who have traveled widely in Korea tell us that there is little variety in the landscape or the villages; that these suburban settlements near Seoul are prototypes of all that we should see in the course of a long journey, but all agree that the Buddhist monasteries in the remote mountain-regions are well worthy of a pilgrimage. That this must be true we are convinced as we pause before the ghostly outline



THE WHITE BUDDHA

of the "White Buddha," the most curious sight in the environs of the capital. A priest from the neighboring monastery is presenting offerings at the instance of the boy who has come as messenger from some one who desired prayers and sent the cash to pay the priest for saying them.

But Buddhism is under a ban in Korea. For three hundred years previous to 1894 no Buddhist priest was permitted



A SUBURBAN VILLAGE

to enter a walled city. Therefore to-day the cities are dignified by no temples and can boast no religious buildings save the unsightly foreign churches reared by zealous but inartistic missionaries. The exclusion of the priests was due indirectly to the cunning of the Japanese, who during the invasion of 1592 disguised their soldiers in the garb of Buddhist priests and thus took many towns by strategy. Therefore, to guard against a recurrence of this sort of thing,



A BUDDHIST MONASTERY

priests were declared tabu, and remained outcasts until the Japanese appeared again as conquerors, in 1894, demanding among other changes and reforms the repeal of the act excluding the holy men from the walled cities. Their faith, however, is still shut out of the hearts of all save a small minority.

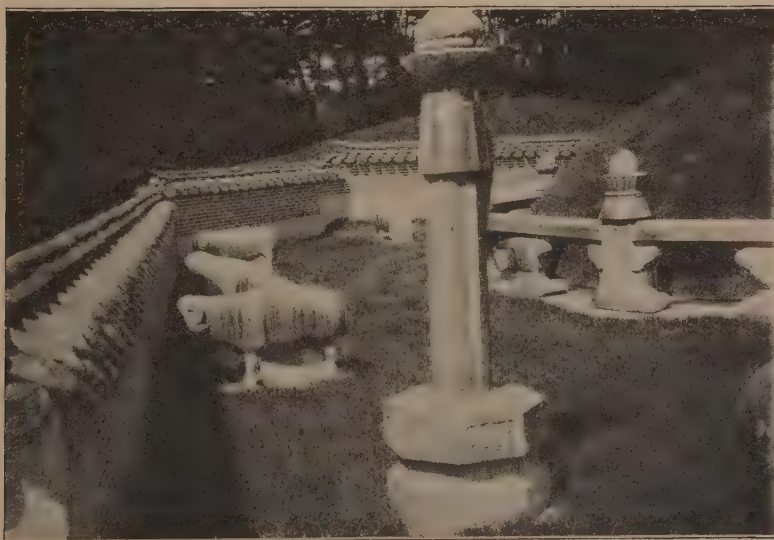


A MORTUARY GATE



THE TOMB OF THE QUEEN

But, broadly speaking, Korea has no religion. Buddhism is looked down upon by the better class; Christianity is tolerated and marveled at—a good beginning, but only a beginning; and Confucianism has lost its hold since the Japanese abolished the time-honored literary examinations



STONE QUADRUPEDES

based on the writings of Confucius and the Chinese classics. But if Korea has no faith in gods and priests, she is bound soul and mind by the fear of demons and is slavishly submissive to the dictates and exactions of the sorceresses, called *mutangs*, who claim to have the power of casting



Photograph by J. H. Morris

AN IMPERIAL PROCESSION

out or foiling the innumerable demons who hover in clouds above every city, inhabit every tree and bush, or abide amid the rafters of every house. Even after death they exert malicious influences, and in the location of tombs,—usually placed on hillsides, and if possible in the rare remaining groves—due regard must be paid to the wishes of the dominant demons of the region. The strength of the Korean race has been sapped by superstition. The



GUARDIAN WARRIORS

Emperor himself is the most conspicuous victim of superstition. The nation has paid exorbitant tribute to the art of geomancy, because of the Imperial belief in the potency of the predictions and deductions of the "Earth Doctors."



THE AMERICAN-BUILT HIGHWAY

The successive interments of the murdered Queen throw into relief the contradictory influences of superstition and science that prevail by turns at court. The first tomb near the city was built at a tremendous cost; the little finger of the Queen — all that remained of the poor lady — was translated with great pomp to the sacred enclosure and buried with due ceremony in the conventional mound, above which an unconventional roof of modern corrugated-iron was erected



THE TOP OF THE PASS

as a shelter. Seventy thousand dollars were expended in works and ceremonies, but in vain. The sorcerers declared that the spirit of the murdered queen could not rest peacefully unless her finger be again interred in another and more propitious spot. In vain the temples, prayer-houses, and the traditional images of animals ranged round the mound facing the outer wall, to detect and intercept approaching demons of unrest. In vain also the traditional figures of warriors and watchmen standing guard before the tomb ready to slay the



STUDYING THE CLASSICS



THE OLD ROAD

peace-disturbing spirits. In vain the incantations of the mutangs and the geomancers, the site was unpropitious; the ghost of the poor queen could never find repose until the finger be retranslated to a more favorable and happier-chosen spot. The Emperor, therefore, commanded the wise Earth Doctors



ASKING THE WAY

to find that spot. For many months the geomancers studied sites and situations. They finally agreed upon a place that seemed to fulfil all essential conditions, and work was begun at once. But injudicious laborers struck a huge mass of buried rock,—eloquent evidence that the Imperial conjurors had made a grave mistake, for a queen's spirit could never rest



THE NEW TOMB

upon a rocky bed. One wise man suffered death for his acknowledged lack of skill ; his confrères tremblingly renewed the search for the propitious spot.

Let us now follow their example and set out in search of the new site for the tomb of her Korean Majesty. One of the most amazing things in all Korea is a highway leading out from Seoul to the new tomb, some seventeen miles distant,—a unique and splendid highway, in a practically roadless land. Why was it made? the stranger will inquire. Because the queen's remains must be escorted to the new tomb by a great procession forty feet wide, and this road, seventeen miles long, was made merely for the prospective passage of that procession which should have occurred in

1901, but which has been repeatedly put off. Korean custom and superstition play into the hands of American ability and enterprise, for the contract for the making of this road fell naturally to the American syndicate which is building the new water-works and operating the electric line. The contract called for a forty-foot road ; the company has made it



Photograph by J. H. Morris

A PROCESSION TO THE ANCESTRAL TOMBS

fifty feet in width, and will run trolley-cars along the extra ten-foot strip to carry picnic parties to the new necropolis.

But no provision has been made for the maintenance of this funeral highway ; it will in time become as vague and difficult to traverse as the old native road by which we traveled in attempting to make a short cut and save distance. Near the site selected as the final resting-place for the uncanny little



AN ARCHERY RANGE

finger of the assassinated queen, we find a thousand workmen engaged in the construction of the various buildings and the landscape work necessary to fit the place for its high and most sacred purpose. A town has sprung into being in the wilderness as a result of the extensive labors undertaken here. Even to our ignorant eyes, untrained in the mysteries of geomancy, the site appears decidedly propitious—a soft



GENTLEMEN AT ARCHERY PRACTICE

and comfortable hill as base ; a formidable mountain-range as background and protection ; pine-groves to furnish music when the winds shall blow, and spacious level areas across which evil spirits cannot pass without detection. Let us hope that the Queen's spirit will at last find rest before the Imperial Exchequer be exhausted through another error of the sorcerers, to whose feigned wisdom the Emperor bows in superstitious fear, heeding religiously their prophecies and warnings.



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HIS HIGHNESS, YE CHAI SOON

When will men wake and banish from the earth the countless frauds fostered by cowardly custom and tradition?—in our own land as well as in Korea? Would that the contemplation of the foolishness of others could teach us to despise our own pet superstitions! We laugh at the credulity of these unenlightened people, and yet we dare not sit thirteen at table; we hesitate to begin anything on Friday;



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A GESANG AND ATTENDANTS

we tremble if the new moon looks at us over the left shoulder,—to say nothing of other paralyzing superstitions to which so many of us have sacrificed our reason.

Three of the spacious royal *demeures* of the Korean Emperor in Seoul have been abandoned for reasons based on morbid sentiment or superstition. One palace park, however,



IN MOURNING DRESS



IN STREET COSTUME

has been a public playground for a generation. There the new army is occasionally drilled, and thither gentlemen of Seoul resort for athletic sports and pleasures, of which the chief is archery. The Archery Range is excellent; a temple-terrace for the archers, the target on a terraced hillside, beyond a broad green-clad depression where passers-by may walk in safety beneath the high curvings of the feathered shafts, for the Korean gentlemen aim high, as if intent on hitting unseen stars. And they are accurate of aim; for nearly every arrow as it descends from the cleft skies strikes the mark or, at the worst, falls very near it. We spend an interesting hour watching the gentlemen of Seoul contending in friendly rivalry in this dignified and medieval exercise.



Photograph by J. H. Morris

THE EMPEROR, THE HEIR APPARENT, AND THE BABY PRINCE

Dignity is a Korean characteristic, which, however, in the case of the great personages, will be modified by the inevitable adoption of the unpleasing costume of civilization. The grand air is not consistent with the coats and trousers of to-day.

As for the new palace, where the Emperor now lives, venturing out only once or twice a year, we gained admission to its precincts through the influence of our little motion-picture machine. As I have already told you, it was taken to be shown to the Emperor by the "Fat Prince," Ye Chai Soon. It was retained two days at the palace and sent back in the dead of night by Imperial messengers, who came with torches and lanterns through the streets, roused the hotel, and delivered the magic-box accompanied by several presents from his Majesty, including twenty yards of rich green silk and half a dozen fans, together with an explanation of the delay, due to the fact that the baby prince, youngest son of the Emperor and actual palace tyrant, had been fascinated by the toy and had wept when they attempted to take it from him, falling asleep still gripping it firmly in his chubby hands.



THE FRENCH HOTEL



THE GATE OF THE NEW PALACE

• Next day there came an invitation from the Fat Prince to appear at the palace to see the Imperial dancing girls; but a postscript begs us to be sure to bring the picture-machine. Mr. Pak remarks in a warning tone: "If you take machine one time more palace think you lose him." We went, prepared to part with the coveted box, gladly



By permission

TWO DANCING GIRLS

presenting it to the little Prince to stop his weeping, receiving in return twenty yards more of rich green silk, two kakemonos, and other gifts of silver, and, what we prized most of all, a peep at a portion of the Imperial corps-de-ballet. The dancing-girls of Korea, called "*gesang*," occupy about the same place as the geishas of Japan, save that most of them are employed chiefly in the palace, there being an established



PANORAMA FROM

troupe of over eighty coryphées, constantly in readiness to dance before the Emperor. They ride about the town in elegant sedans, attended always by a woman servant. They are sometimes pretty, in a mild and featureless sort of way, but always immaculately dressed, with faces powdered and made up until they look like placid masks. As for their art, its charm is not apparent to the stranger; monotonous, stiff,

and automatic in their posturing, and quite expressionless of visage, they dance to the dull music thumped on a double-drum. And this sort of thing is regarded as the height of gaiety at the Korean court. The Emperor spends hours every day in watching the gyrations of his fourscore automations. We are happy to have seen it, for so much mystery



THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL

surrounded the celebrated Palace Gesang that we should have been as bitterly disappointed in another sense had not our magic pictures gained us entrance to the palace courts. But even the magic pictures that have bewitched the Imperial circle from the Emperor to the Baby Prince, do not awaken the slightest spark of interest in the impassive coryphées, who look into the instrument with uncomprehending eyes.

The dancing troupe having been suddenly summoned to the Imperial presence, we took our departure from the palace, stopping to refresh ourselves at the new French Hotel recently opened just across the street. Curious indeed this



WANDERING CITY-WALLS

mingling of the Oriental and the Occidental in this old city, so long secluded from the outer world. But brought at last in touch with what the modern world calls progress, the speedy transformation of old Seoul is now inevitable. The soldiers who stand guard beneath the palace portal are uniformed in coats and trousers, and wear European caps above their horsehair fillets and their native topknots. The army has already been transformed half-a-dozen times, for it has been the toy of foreign drill-masters of every nation that has held successively the favor of the king. America, Japan, and Russia have had the longest innings. To-day, Korean officers are in command, but the men exhibit the good points drilled into them by their old instructors of various rival nations.

Four elements are now at work in this most interesting city, shaping the future of the Hermit Kingdom. One is

American enterprise, exemplified by the activity of the syndicate to which Seoul owes electric cars, electric lights, and a modern system of water supply. Another, the missionaries, striving to wipe from the Korean mind the cobweb of demonology, which, with the network spread by prejudice and custom, forms the only barrier to the introduction of a real religion. A third is the commercial and semi-political aggression of the Japanese, who people the seaports, control the shipping trade, and have planted a colony of five thousand



THE SEA-PATH TO JAPAN

Japanese in Seoul itself. Japanese statesmen know that they must have Korea to receive and feed the ever-increasing population of Dai Nippon, for Korea is but sparsely inhabited; it has only twelve million people at the most and, properly

cultivated, it could support as many more. The fourth element is the silent "waiting policy" of Russia. Russian statesmen have for years coveted the long, conveniently-situated peninsula of Korea to round out the Asiatic Empire of the Muscovite, to give it a frontage on the Oceanic highways of the Orient. Besides these elements, there is, last and apparently least and weakest: the Korean court, shut up within the walls of a restricted palace-park. Open to arguments of progress, it is eager for American advice, and yet at the same time, a prey to superstition; fearful of Japanese aggression, already suffered thrice, it remains uncertain as to the designs of Russia. The Emperor himself seems bound hand and foot by the cruel shackles of custom and tradition.

Which will prevail? America with her electricity, the church with her religious teachings, Japan with her bayonets and merchandise, Russia with her diplomacy and patience, or the Emperor of Ta-han with his eighty calm-faced gesang and his innumerable sorcerers?

The world awaits the next move in the game that is playing for the control of Korea; but the world knows that Japan and Russia are the cleverest and the most formidable contestants, and that if the Muscovite is to be checked in his march toward the Rising Sun, it will be by the sons of the land where the sun rises—the courageous, capable, artistic, Japanese.





JAPAN — THE COUNTRY



apan

....

The Country

THE HISTORY of the remote ages of Japan is made up of fact and fable so strangely mingled that it is now almost impossible to distinguish authentic record from mere tradition.

But though we may not read with conviction the early annals of this land, yet it may be well before visiting their shores to know something of what the Japanese believe in

regard to the origin of their islands and of their race. Let us therefore turn to their most ancient record, their book of Genesis, called the "*Kojiki*." In this venerable collection of myths and legends we read that in the beginning all things were in chaos, and heaven and earth were not yet separated. But that, during those long ages while the world floated in a cosmic mass, there existed innumerable generations of gods from whom descended the two personages who play a most important part in Japanese Mythology. They are Izanagi and Izanami, the divine Adam and Eve of Japan.

This heavenly pair having stepped out on the floating Bridge of Heaven, the male plunged his jeweled spear into the unstable waters beneath them ; and as he withdrew it,



Photograph by O. M. Poole

THE SACRED PYRAMID



Photograph by O. M. Poole

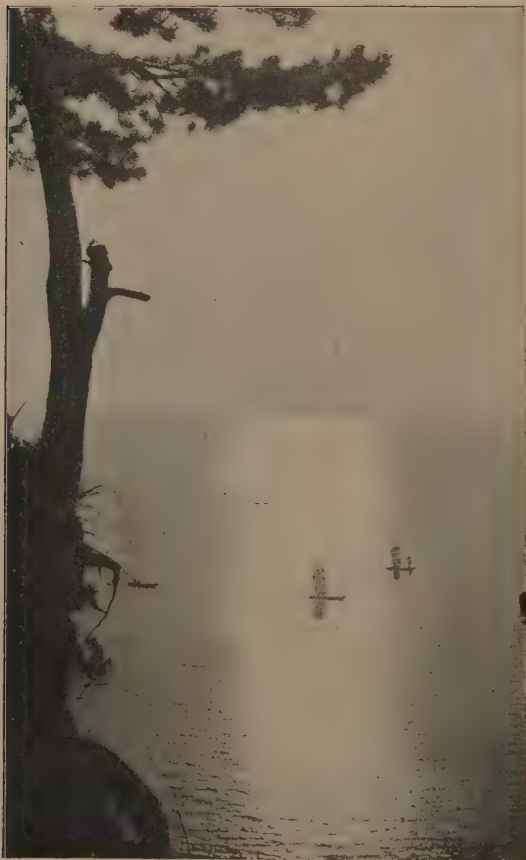
FROM THE BRIDGE OF HEAVEN

the trickling drops formed an archipelago of fair and lovely islands; and these islands are called Dai Nippon, or Great Japan. Then, says the chronicle, the creative pair descended to one of the islands and began a journey around it, going each in an opposite direction. At their meeting, half-way, the female spirit, pleased at the sight of Izanagi, cried, "How joyful to meet a lovely man!" But he, offended that the first words spoken on earth should have been pronounced by a woman, required the circuit to be repeated; and at the second meeting it was the man who spoke first, saying, "How joyful to meet a lovely woman!" And in this exchange of compliments was the beginning of the art of love.

Their first child was called Ama-terasu-o-mi-kami, or the "Heaven Illuminating Goddess"; for she shone beautifully, and lighted the Heavens and Earth. To her were given the skies for her kingdom, and to this day the Sun Goddess sits on high and smiles on fair Japan.

But this bright deity desired an earthly empire for her grandson, named Ninigi, and so, relates another chronicle, she caused him "to thrust from him Heaven's eternal throne, to fling open Heaven's eternal doors, to cleave with might his way from out Heaven's many piled clouds, and then to descend from Heaven"; and after his descent, the floating bridge dissolved, the Heaven and the Earth became still farther separated, and communication between them forever ceased.

Ninigi, though received with great honor by the people of the earth, was not destined to become himself their ruler. It

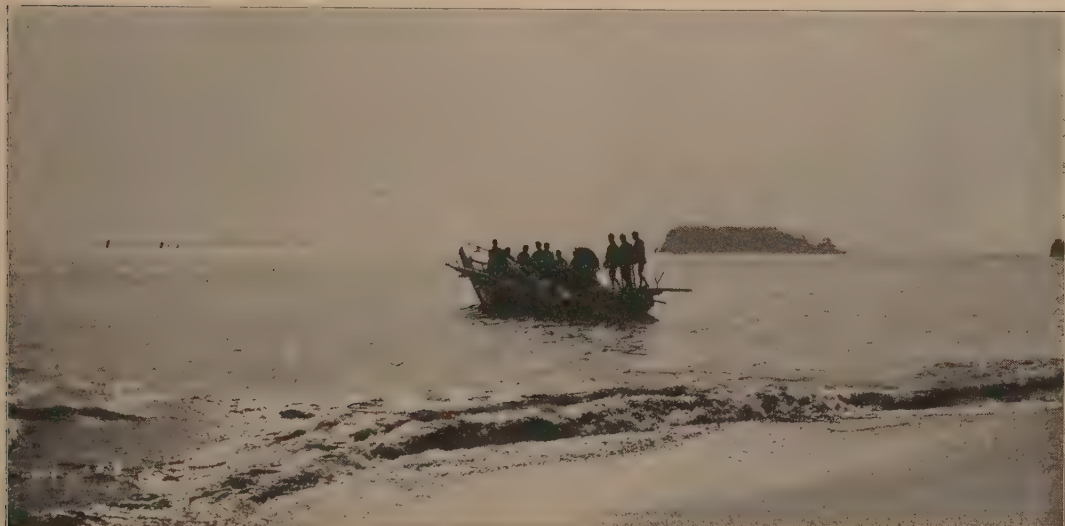


Photograph by O. M. Poole

THE PATH OF THE SUN GODDESS

remained for his great grandson Jimmu Tenno to found, by conquest, that long-lived dynasty of which a representative sits on the throne to-day, boasting for his line twenty-five centuries of unbroken succession. This Jimmu Tenno lived and fought more than six hundred years before the birth of Christ. Thus it is no new land we are about to visit, nor is it a barbaric one; for though the

civilization of the Japanese differs widely from our own, it is a *civilization*, ancient, admirable, and artistic, fitting the needs of this people far better than the manners and customs of our newer, cruder Occident, which they are now—alas!—so hastily and in many respects ill-advisedly adopting.



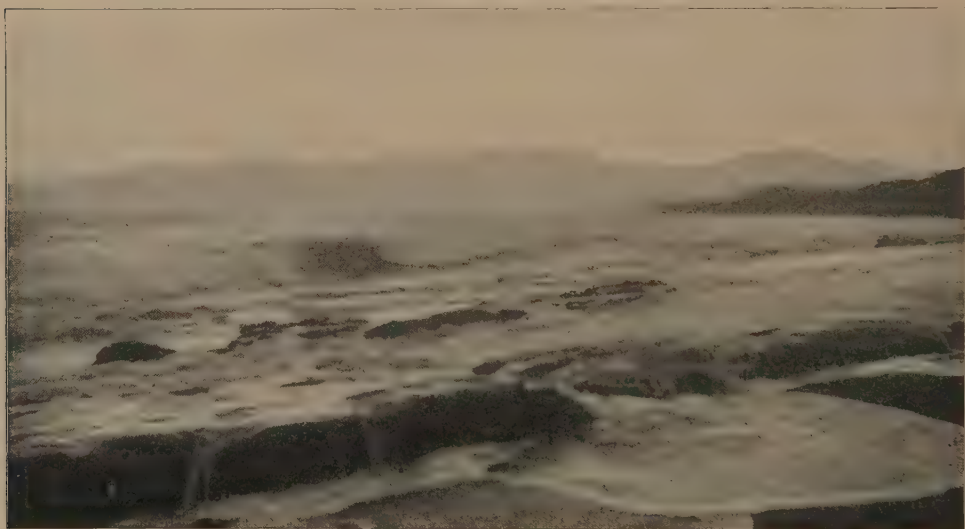
Photograph by O. M. Poole

MORNING

To the casual visitor the Japan of to-day seems a land of railways, telephones, and modern commerce in tea and silk ; and this is to a certain extent true, especially if he confines himself to Yokohama, Kobé, and the other open treaty ports. Even Tokyo, the capital, is already touched by the marring hand of foreign innovation, for there the traveler finds tram-cars and ugly public buildings in red brick, designed according to the Japanese idea of European architecture — an idea which will cause future generations to blush for the bad taste of their respected ancestors ; for strange as it may appear, the innate good taste of the Japanese, who are artistic in so true a sense when dealing with things Japanese, utterly forsakes them when they attempt anything unfamiliar, be it

architecture, dress, or merely the painting of a sign-board or the printing of a circular in English to catch the foreign eye.

It is not to this modern Japan that I invite you, though we may see something of it *en passant*, but it is into the Real Japan that I ask you to accompany me, to look on what remains of the ancient order of things, now so fast disappearing. It seems almost incredible that only forty years ago* Japan was as ignorant of our arts and sciences as were we of the interiors of her mysterious and inhospitable islands; but



Photograph by O. M. Poole

THE WATERS AND THE LAND

it is nevertheless true that the Japan found in 1853 by Commodore Perry, was the same, unaltering, feudal empire that it had been for centuries—its gates closed to the outer world, its manners and government unchanged for generations, its Mikados—heritors of the throne of Jimmu Tenno become mere puppets, honored as “Sons of Heaven,” but kept in sacred seclusion by the Shoguns, or Great Generals, who were virtually monarchs of the land and leaders of that mighty system of military feudalism which, founded during

* Note.—Mr. Holmes' first visit to Japan was in 1892-93, on the eve of his first professional appearance.



Photograph by Kimbel

YOKOHAMA

the twelfth century, endured almost to the present day, to fall at last amid battle and revolution in 1868.

Once overturned, the feudal structure disappeared ; and in its place rose the constitutional monarchy of to-day, with



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN

Mutsu Hito, the Mikado, on his rightful throne, with a parliament, a standing army, a well-equipped navy, and a thousand other adjuncts of a modern nation.

Not long ago Japan lay in the farthest East, reached only after months of tedious travel ; now, thanks to modern enterprise, she is our nearest neighbor on the west, and is to-day as accessible to the globe-trotter as Spain or Italy, while her originality and quaint charm attract him more strongly than the courts of the Alhambra or the ruins of the Roman Forum.



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

IN YOKOHAMA HARBOR



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

A KURUMAYA

Turning our backs, then, on the familiar fields of travel, we make our way westward along the line of the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver, whence a voyage of thirteen days brings us to Yokohama. In one of the splendid Canadian Pacific's steamers, the "Empress of Japan," we cross a desolate expanse of northern ocean, and after the first day



A CAB STAND

out we do not see a single sail until we come upon the queer-rigged fishing-junks, a few miles off the foggy and tempestuous coast of Japan's largest island, called Hondo, or Main Island.

A small typhoon chases us into the Bay of Tokyo, and it is in a howling gale that we reach the anchorage off Yokohama. Great waves are running in the harbor, thick mists almost obscure the city, while around our ship are tossing in mad confusion hundreds of "sampans," manned by brown-skinned boatmen who, clothed chiefly by the spray from breaking waves, ply their rude oars, and anxiously scan the decks, looking for travelers who may wish to go ashore.

It is with the sensations of a rat recently rescued from drowning that I land at the "*hatoba*," and, dripping my way through the Custom House, make a most abject and undignified entry into the Land of the Rising Sun. But no discomforts can completely annul the pleasure of arriving in a new and unknown land ; and even this ugly and unpicturesque *hatoba*, where passengers are landed by small boats, has for me a special charm, because it is the doorway of Japan. Follow me through the commonplace custom-house, where officials uniformed in coats and trousers make cabalistic signs in chalk upon our wet belongings, and then, leaving these disappointingly modern Japanese, we come out into a spacious square ; the scene is



ON THE BUND

decidedly un-Japanese ; no flying storks, no purple sky, no gorgeous warriors in Oriental armor guarding this front door of Japan,—no little maids in flowery robes making obeisance.

On one side rise walls of red brick, on the other stands a lamp-post of the most ordinary aspect. Nothing to suggest Japan until we call for cabs. Ah! then we discover that we are in a land of novelty, for there before us is a cab-stand unlike any we have ever seen. The horses and drivers are



LOUIS EPPINGER

combined in one being, and a crowd of



THE GRAND HOTEL

these smiling centaurs surround us and clamorously but politely demand the honor of our patronage. Not to appear too new in the country, I disguise my delight, and carelessly nod to one of the little fellows who runs back to his baby-cart, steps between the shafts, and dashes up to where I stand. With a sensation of supreme bliss, I mount this rolling rocking-chair and in purest Japanese I say, "Grand Hotel." To my amazement my composite steed and coachman seem to understand, and off we go along the Bund, a smooth, hard road along the water-front. As I am whirled past banks and steamship-offices and consulates and clubs, I do my best to look at home and to create the impression that I was cradled in a "jinrikisha," for that is what my vehicle is called by foreigners; but the Japanese say "*kuruma*," and call the little man who furnishes the motive-power a "*kurumaya*." Call it as you please, *kuruma* or *jinrikisha*, your first ride in it is one of the things in life never to



MANAGER LOUIS EPPINGER RECEIVING GUESTS
AT THE GRAND HOTEL

be forgotten. You feel like an overgrown baby being wheeled about by a male nurse who has lost his senses and broken into a run, as if pursued by unseen demons.

Reaching the Grand Hotel, I strive to dismount and pay my fare with the air of an old and experienced Eastern traveler, but the smile on my coolie's face denounces me to the guests who are partaking of cooling beverages at little tables on the veranda; for I have given him twenty sen, four times the lawful fare, the rate for these conveyances being in our money ten cents an hour — fifty cents for the entire day.



Photograph by Tamamura

ON THE VERANDA

The Grand Hotel, managed by the genial Louis Eppinger, is regarded as the best in all the Orient. Owned by a stock-company it is run on the American plan, at prices high for Japan, but to newcomers delightfully reasonable.

Our windows look out upon the harbor of Yokohama, the most important open port of the Mikado's Empire, and though the scene before us is in appearance a quiet one, an enormous amount of shipping is borne by these blue waters. Nearly every day an ocean steamer reaches Yokohama from some one of the great seaports of the world. Men-of-war of England, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States

are constantly at anchor here, while the countless fishing-junks of the Japanese are continually passing, sometimes casting their nets within a stone's throw of our windows. These fishermen are, as a rule, given to scandalous economy in the matter of dress, but we soon come to take no thought as to what the natives wear or do not wear; their brown skins seem to suffice for clothing—which fits them very well.



TSUNI HORIUCHI,
MY "BOY"

My first care was to find a native "boy," for in Japan it is unheard of to wait upon yourself. I did not want a guide, for guides are tyrants; and knowing what I wished to see and how to see it, I needed only a servant to relieve me of the thousand little worries of the traveler. Tsuni Horiuchi is the name of the "boy" from whom I first learned how superior one feels when served by an accomplished valet. I call him "boy," for that is the term in use; but he has seen forty summers and is the father of a large and growing family. He could do many things — pack trunks, sew on buttons,



TSUNI

and speak English, though in this latter accomplishment he was less than proficient, for, always speaking in the future tense, he sometimes puzzled me when trying to relate that which had happened yesterday.

Every one who reaches Yokohama is sure to have heard of the Tea House of the Hundred Steps, and probably has been advised to make an early visit at that historic place of refreshment. Obedient to the demands of custom, we make these steps the object of our first excursion outside the walls of Eppinger's Hotel. We have not far to go, for the Hundred Steps rise from a quarter of the native town, just across a canal which flows between the hotel and the bluff. Right here we had better forget the existence of elevators and resign ourselves to many a long climb up steep and slippery granite



THE HUNDRED STEPS

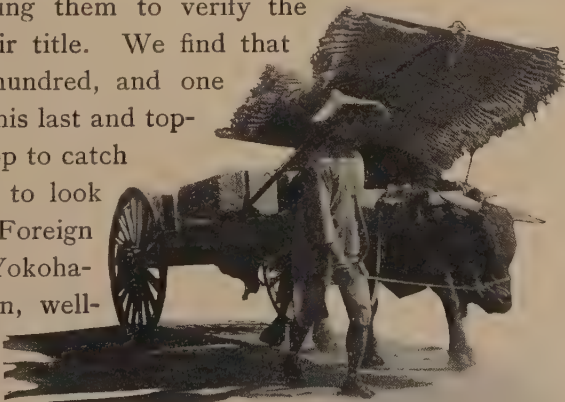
Photograph by Otis A. Poole



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

YOKOHAMA FROM THE BLUFF

stairways, for in Japan most things worth seeing,—temples, tea-houses, views, and cemeteries are high in the air and accessible only by means of those everlasting and exhausting granite steps. True, a graded road winds up another part of the Bluff, and it is by it that the foreign merchants, after the day's business is over, reach their residences on the heights; but while our enthusiasm lasts, we climb the steps, naturally counting them to verify the justness of their title. We find that there are one hundred, and one more; and on this last and top-most step we stop to catch our breath and to look back upon the Foreign Settlement of Yokohama. It is clean, well-kept, and not unpicturesque,



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

ON THE BLUFF ROAD

though by no means of an Oriental aspect. The banks, stores, and warehouses are controlled by foreigners, of whom there are about two thousand, including a majority of Englishmen, some hundreds of Americans, and a few representatives of other nations. The foreign houses deal in almost everything that can be bought or sold. I ordered several suits of clothes at a grocery-store, purchased a guide-book at a photographer's, and rented a bicycle at a jewelry-shop.

But here we are at the "*Fujita Chaya*," as this tea-house is called. We are greeted by the smiling hostess who has



THE WAY TO NIKKO



Photograph by Enami

THE CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE

done the honors ever since she was a little mousmé, we won't say how long ago,—though it would not offend her, for the women of Japan are prouder of their years as these increase in number. Seated on the bench of honor, we drink from tiny cups the pale yellow tea of Japan, sugarless and milkless, and eat the most peculiar little cakes, of all the colors of the spectrum. Meanwhile the "*nesan*," as the waiting-maids are called, stand by and smile as we drag out from phrase-books all the complimentary speeches they contain. They understand all kinds of Japanese here, and the struggling



Photograph by Tamamura

THE BRIDGES AT NIKKO

beginner feels that he is getting on magnificently, so well do these little people pretend to seize his meaning.

But I have promised to lead you into the Japan of other days, and nowhere is the splendor and dignity of Old Japan more eloquently manifest than at Nikko, where about a hundred miles to the north in a forest of great beauty are found the most exquisite and sumptuous temples of Japan. We have but to breathe the one word "Nikko" to bring before us a hundred pictures of surpassing dignity and beauty. A stately avenue indeed is that along which memory conducts us toward the Tokugawa shrines. But mysterious and beautiful as is this forest aisle, it leads to that which is still more mysterious and still more beautiful. A road like this is not created in a day. Three centuries and more have passed since its curving course, of twenty magnificent miles, was traced and fixed by two long lines of saplings, now become two regiments of venerable trees, guarding the approach to the necropolis



THE RED LACQUER BRIDGE

Photograph by Kimbel

of the great soldiers Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, once masters of Japan. Their names are strange to foreign ears, but as familiar to the Japanese as are to us the names of Cæsar and Napoleon. These ancient warriors are now become not only



Photograph by Kinbei

THE UNCOUNTABLE BUDDHAS

saints, but gods, and the necropolis toward which we are advancing along this splendid corridor is the abode of their immortal souls — a place of pilgrimage — the Mecca of Japan. We should see gorgeous spectacles could we but conjure up the wonderful pageants of other days which have passed along this avenue — those stately pilgrimages of old princes who came, in years gone by, to pay their annual homage at the shrines, to pray to the great spirits of the departed Shoguns. To-day a railway carries tourists to the temples; but we prefer to imitate the slow, deliberate approach of old-time pilgrims that we may reach the sacred

bridge of Nikko with mind and eye at rest and ready to receive and hold impressions with which the image of a railway train can never be in harmony. Two bridges span the river that skirts the base of Nikko's holy hill — one for all the world, one for the priesthood and the Emperor. The graceful arch of red and gold, with its posts and rails of lacquer and its ornaments of chiseled brass, is the one



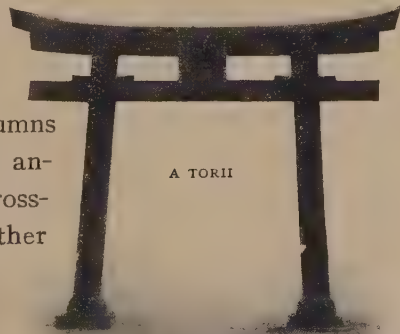
Photograph by Kimbel

IN THE NIKKO FOREST

reserved for priestly and imperial feet. Not far from the bridges there sits alined like an everlasting jury, an assemblage of unnumbered granite Buddhas, all of venerable aspect, who watch the stream as it rushes on, with looks of supernatural contempt for all things that pertain to this poor world. "Unnumbered" they are, indeed, for tradition says that no man can ever count them twice with the same result, nor can two people ever make their totals to agree. Custom demands

that I should try, and try I do — and fail, for though a total of one hundred and sixteen was easily reached on the first count, I could not in two later trials arrive within three units of the first result. As if to give an air of truth to the belief that members of this grim and silent community are forever arriving and departing, one figure weighing tons was torn from its pedestal by a sudden flooding of the river, and carried down the rushing stream five miles to Imaichi; and there he was fished out in good condition and sits to-day on the outskirts of that village, his face turned Nikkoward.

The river crossed, we mount broad stone stairways and enter the consecrated forest in which the temples are concealed. We pass onward by imposing avenues, shut in by mighty trees. Between these living pillars we discern sections of lacquered walls, extremities of high curving gables, and tops of tall pagodas. Other avenues lead off in all directions, tempting us to follow and explore the distant regions of the sacred wood. Sometimes the far end of the aisle is lost in the dimness of the forest depths; sometimes the solemn shaded path leads to a place of brightness where a shaft of sunshine falls through an opening in the leafy roof and, touching the lacquered structures, makes walls and gables glow with living color, and wakes the fire in the rosettes and ornaments of polished bronze. And, standing out against the brilliancy of these sunny courts, we see almost invariably the same strange silhouette — two upright columns slightly inclining toward one another as they rise, and two cross-beams, one straight, the other curved so gracefully that the eye always rests with pleasure on the line traced by its



A TORII

skyward face. These arches are called Torii; they form an incident in almost every picture, almost every landscape in Japan, for they are reared before all sacred places, and in Japan we find a sacred place at every turn. The Torii is of Shinto origin, and its presence here at the approach to temples built by Buddhists reminds us that the old Shinto faith, the Japanese religion, once almost crowded from the islands by



Photograph by Kimbel

THE NIOMON

the spread of the imported Buddhist cult, has been revived since the restoration. Shinto priests replace the Buddhist monks in many Buddhist temples, and the so-called reformation by the Shinto party has wrought much havoc with things artistic, as religious reformations always do. Many beautiful and precious objects pertaining to the elaborate Buddhist ritual have been destroyed or cast out from the gorgeous

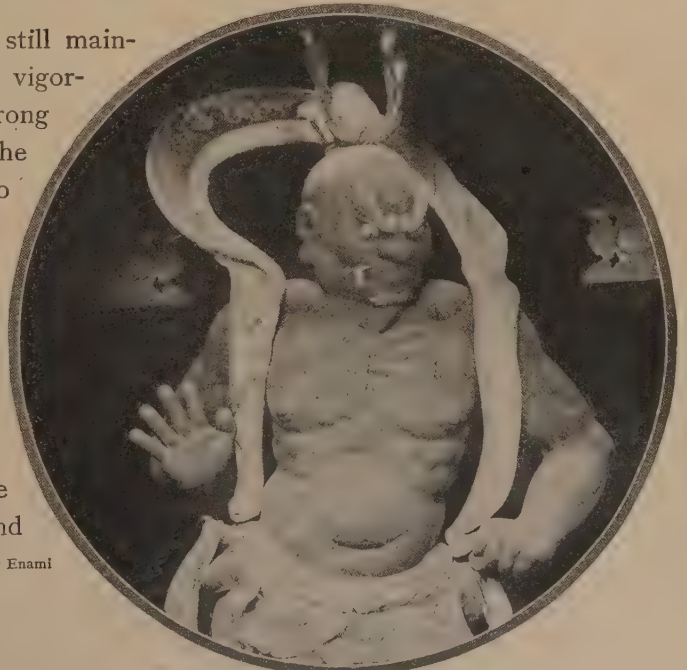


THE WIND DEVIL
Photograph by Kimbel

temples by the champions of Shintoism, who affect simplicity in worship. They have even gone so far in other places as to level graceful pagodas or other structures which recalled too vividly the teachings of the popular religion. At Nikko many gods have been evicted or forced to make a change of residence. Two of them, cast out from the gate of Iyeyasu's temple, have found refuge beneath the entrance gate to the shrine of Iyemitsu, a grandson and successor of the older prince. Apparently these gods have not forgotten their

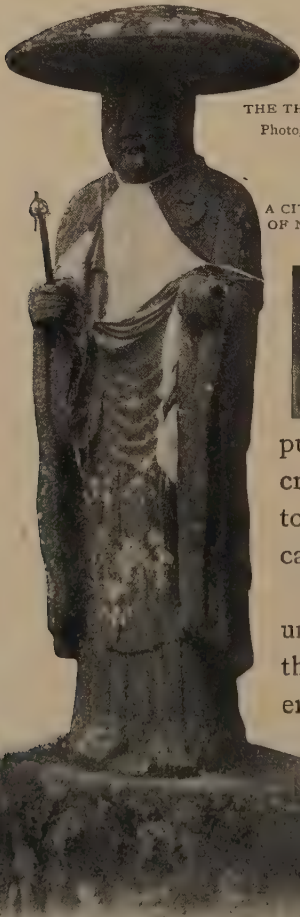
expulsion, for they still maintain an attitude of vigorous protest. Strong must have been the faith of those who dared to meddle with these furious deities. The crimson gods, called the guardians of the outer gate, were stationed there to scare away all demons and

Photograph by Enami



ONE OF THE GUARDIANS IN THE GATE

all evil spirits from the sacred resting-places of the dead. We find them sometimes bespattered, from their sour faces to their giant feet, with little whitish pellets, petitions written on tissue paper, chewed to a



THE THUNDER DEVIL
Photograph by Kimbei

A CITIZEN
OF NIKKO



pulp, and fired at these figures by the credulous. Unless the pulpy ball adheres to some part of the body, the suppliant cannot expect an answer to his prayer.

Retreating before the menace of the unlovely deities, we begin the ascent to the mausoleum of Japan's greatest general and ruler. It comprises more than twenty buildings, each of inestimable richness. They are arranged in 'orderly disorder' in a forest on a mountain-slope. Broad, shady terraces rise



Photograph by Kimbel

WHERE PILGRIMS WASH THEIR HANDS

one above another, and upon each terrace are grouped strange structures in bronze and lacquer,—gateways, temples, or pagodas. Broad flights of stone steps lead up from court to court, from an assemblage of marvelous structures to structures that are still more marvelous. The first ascent is a bewildering experience ; we must come again and again



Photograph by Kimbel

AMONG THE TEMPLES

before we can obtain a clear idea of the arrangement, the number, or the meaning of these forest-hidden creations of an art and architecture utterly unrelated to our own. On the next terrace we pause in questioning silence at sight of a graceful architectural conundrum. How meaningless to western eyes that huge piece of bric-à-brac! — a tower that is not a

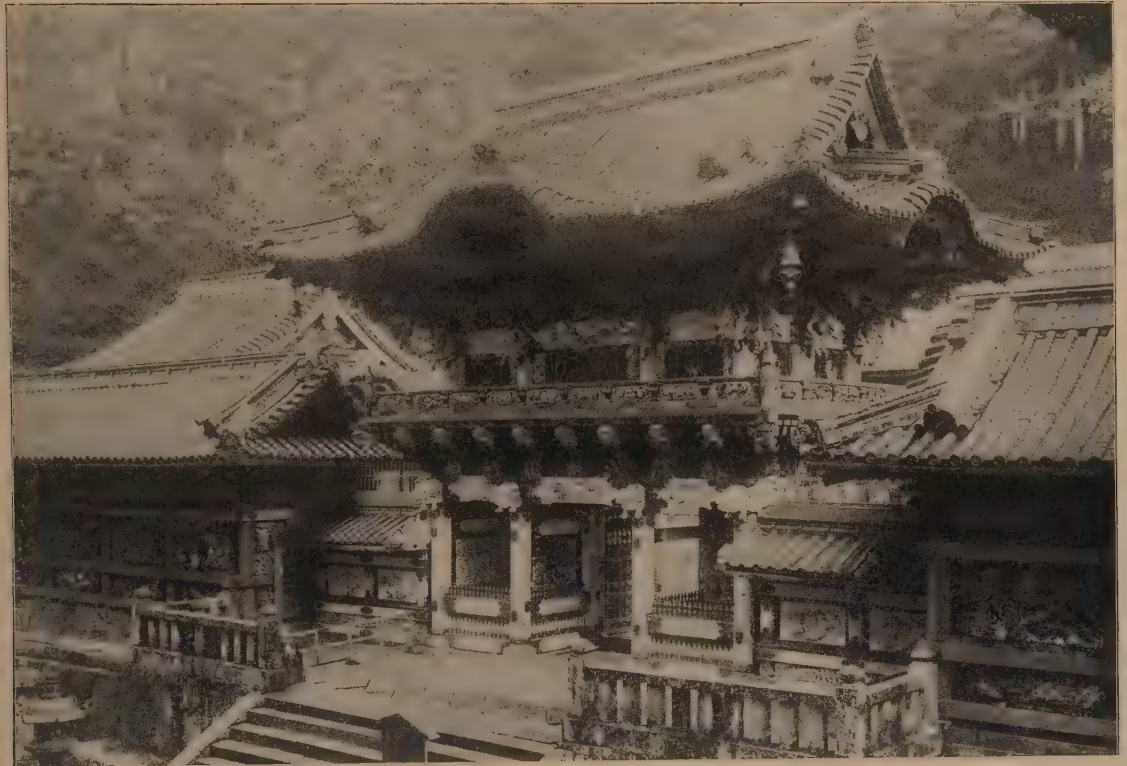
tower, a temple that is not a temple, merely a thing of strange beauty, carved and lacquered and polished, a thing to excite wonder. Yet to the Buddhist pilgrim there is no mystery. He knows that this structure houses a sacred drum, or a huge bell,—that the voices of the temple dwell within it. Contrasting strangely with this brilliant gem are the old candelabra and lanterns of dull bronze grouped about its base. These things are the offerings of tributary nations, the Chinese and the Dutch, who in the sixteenth century



Photograph by Kimbel

STONE LANTERNS

feigned submission to the feudal rulers of the land for the sake of the valuable privilege of trading with Japan at a time when it was closed to foreigners of other nationalities. For many years Nikko was the repository of the artistic riches of Japan; every feudal lord owing allegiance to the Tokugawa clan sent annual offerings to the shrine of Iyeyasu. Great



Photograph by Kimbel

THE YOMEIMON

nobles reared huge torii of stone or bronze; daimyos of less degree erected the tall "*toro*" or lanterns likewise of stone or bronze which stand in silent ranks like a guard of honor.

Before we pass up to another level we ask the meaning and the uses of the two curious buildings close at hand. One shelters with its wondrous roof a hollowed monolith, a

granite basin into which cool water from the mountain springs is ever flowing. There pilgrims wash their hands before approaching the more sacred shrines. They do not plunge their hands into the water; instead, with dainty wooden ladles they dip it up and pour the water first upon one hand, then upon the other. Then, with clean hands, they enter the larger building, just beyond. Within stands a

big lacquer cabinet, octagonal in form, resting upon a pivot.

It contains the Buddhist scriptures, 6771 volumes. Those who have not time to read them through,—a duty that devolves on every pious follower of the faith,—may expedite their salvation by putting their shoulders to the revolving cabinet and causing it to describe four complete revolutions. This arduous

literary labor ended, we climb two tiers of mossy steps which lead

to the "*Yomeimon*,"—the Gate of Beauty,—a magical creation indescribably ornate.

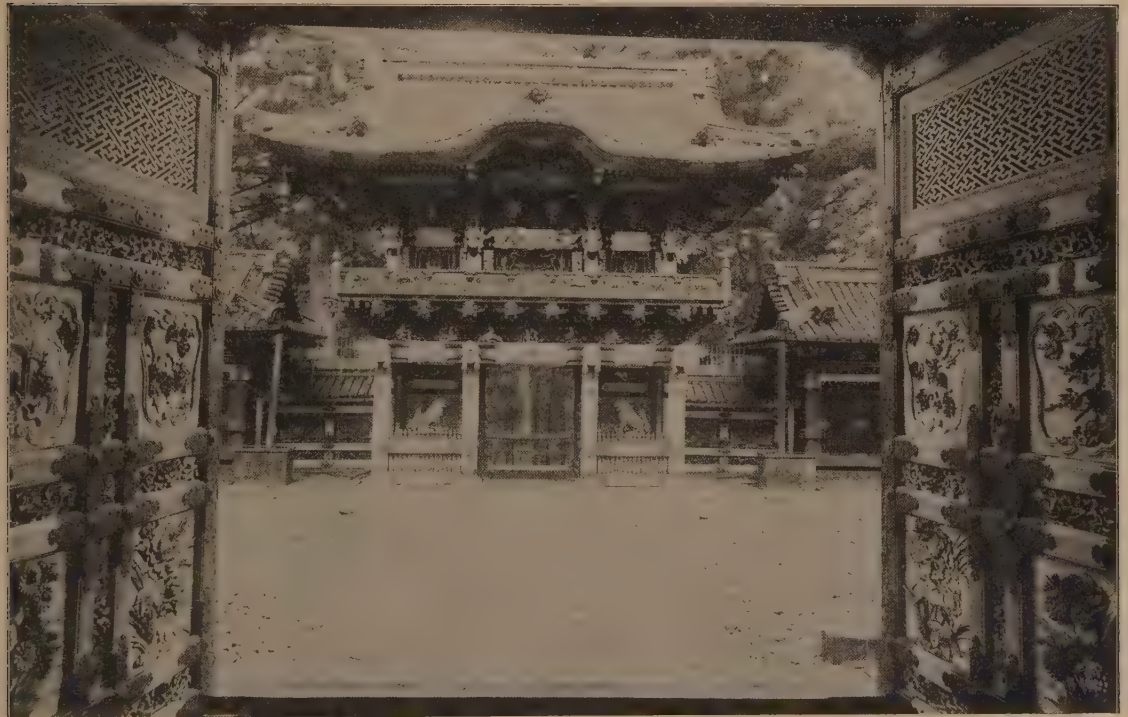
Beneath the spreading eaves of the tiled roof, hundreds of furious beasts have found a refuge,—an angry army of dragons, lions, dog-like creatures, a sculptured nightmare; and every weird chimera seems ready to leap upon us, with teeth and claws to bite and scratch, but they remain fixed in



WOOD CARVINGS BY
AN OLD MASTER

By permission

motionless fury glaring down with bloodshot eyes on all who dare to enter. Running the gantlet of these hostile grimaces, we enter the upper court and, looking back, behold a similar assemblage of monsters upon the inner side of the Yomeimon. They seem to say, "You have passed once unharmed, but you shall not return without feeling the sharp-



Photograph by Tamamura

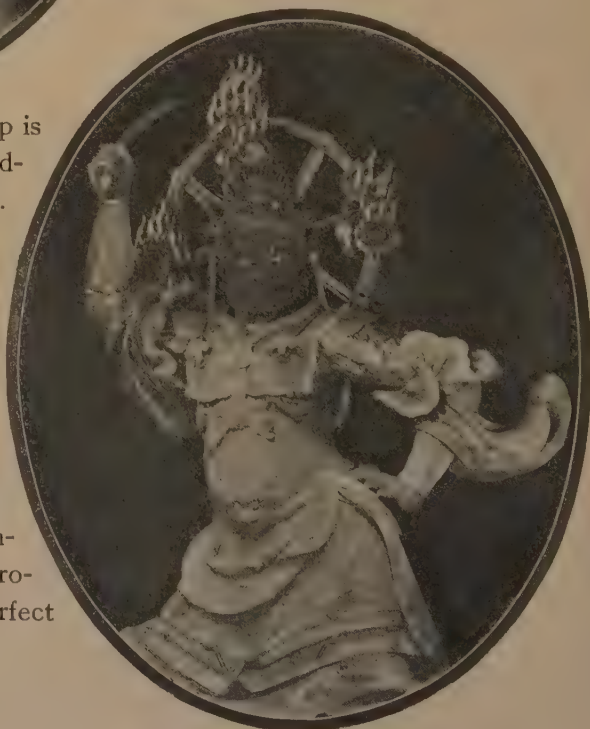
INNER SIDE OF THE YOMEIMON

ness of our claws, the poison of our fangs!" Yet the grotesque and beautiful are side by side. Upon the panels of the gate there seem to bloom afresh gorgeous chrysanthemums, and the tracery upon the pillars is refined and delicate. They were indeed bold artists, those patient workers who three hundred years ago conceived these things, and wrought here in the forest these miracles of architecture.

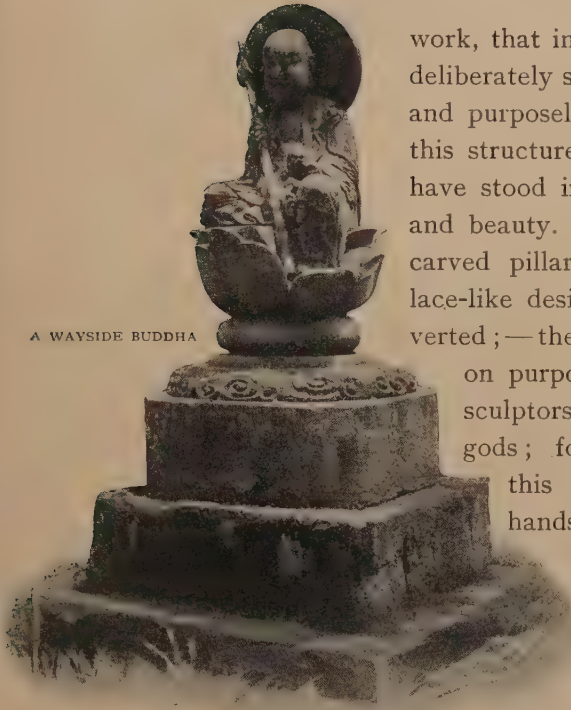


Just as the Christian faith was the inspiration of creative minds in medieval Europe, so Buddhism was the inspiration of the old-time artists and builders of Japan. The images which they carved and the structures which they reared bear witness to the depth and the conviction of their faith. They worked as if the eyes of the very gods were following every stroke of the chisel, every touch of the brush, the fitting of every

joint. The workmanship is perfect; never has a hidden defect been found. Mark that I say—*hidden* defect; their work was conscientiously performed. So sincerely did they believe that the gods were spectators of their artistic endeavors, and so thoroughly were they convinced of their ability to produce an absolutely perfect



SENTRIES AT THE TEMPLE GATE



A WAYSIDE BUDDHA

work, that in deference to Heaven they deliberately stopped short of perfection and purposely incorporated a defect in this structure which without it would have stood irreproachable in symmetry and beauty. If we look closely at its carved pillars, we shall find that the lace-like design on one of them is inverted;—they carved it upside down on purpose. Thus did the pious sculptors turn aside the wrath of the gods; for absolute perfection in this gate, the work of human hands, would surely have aroused the jealousy of Heaven.

And is it not marvelous, the preservation for so many years of these art-treasures, done in fragile

wood, so daintily carved, so

delicately colored? Thousands of pilgrims annually come and go; an endless procession of worshipers, all speechless with admiration, has been passing through these courts for about three hundred years. But these pilgrims and these worshipers are Japanese, lovers of beautiful things; not a leaf is missing from the sculptured branches, not a petal from the flowers, the carved fishes have not lost a scale, nor the dragons a tooth or a claw. Nikko, in the keeping of our race, would not last fifty years unless its treasures were encased in glass and its courts and terraces guarded by police!

Another wondrous gate, the "Karamon," is the portal of a courtyard still more sacred, covering the topmost of the great terraces on which stands the sanctuary—the dwelling-place of the old warrior's spirit. It is the earthly abode of

the soul of Iyeyasu, the hero deified and worshiped by his people. What had this Iyeyasu done that he should be so honored? We know him as the greatest of those feudal chiefs who in the Middle Ages ruled Japan in the name of the imperial puppets called Mikados. We know that he contrived in 1600 to overthrow a dynasty of Shoguns, as the



Photograph by Kimbel

MARVELOUS DETAILS

military chiefs were called, and that upon its ruins he founded the power of the house of Tokugawa. We know that he ruled Japan with a wise but most despotic sway for many years, and that finally, while still in the zenith of his glory and great power, he resigned his title and his scepter to his son, and spent the evening of his life in calm retirement, as

was the custom of great princes in those days. He left a deep impress on the customs, thought, and history of the people whom he ruled. He built a castle at a place called Yeddo. To-day about two million people dwell round about it, and the place is called Tokyo. It is the greatest city of Japan. He centered in his court at Yeddo all the wealth and



Photograph by Enami

THE KARAMON

real power of the realm, leaving to the Mikado, at Kyoto, the empty imperial titles and the superstitious veneration of the people. He subdued unruly princes, forced them to acknowledge his supremacy, and thus welded them into that firm feudal structure, which fell only at the shock of contact with the new civilization of our century. The other deified Shogun

whose spirit dwells amid the splendors of Nikko was grandson to Iyeyasu. He completed the great work begun by his illustrious ancestor, for Iyemitsu fixed the final rivets in the ship of Feudalism and launched it on its long voyage, well officered and well equipped to meet the storms of the centuries. So perfect was it in its organization that the whole



Photograph by Kimbel

THE SANCTUARY

nation from prince to pauper was involved in an intricate system of espionage. One man in every five was responsible for the acts of four who were placed under him ; he, in turn, was held to account by a higher officer who ruled the street ; the head officer of each street was under the authority of other officers ; and so on through a score of ranks to the

great feudal lords who owed allegiance only to the Shogun ; and he, true master of all, bowed in mock humility before the throne of the deified but helpless Mikado. He it was who cast out the Portuguese Jesuits and essayed to stamp out the Christian faith. He closed Japan's gates to all the world, and, as he hoped, for all time. But these gates were forced open at the imperious summons brought by Perry's fleet in 1853.

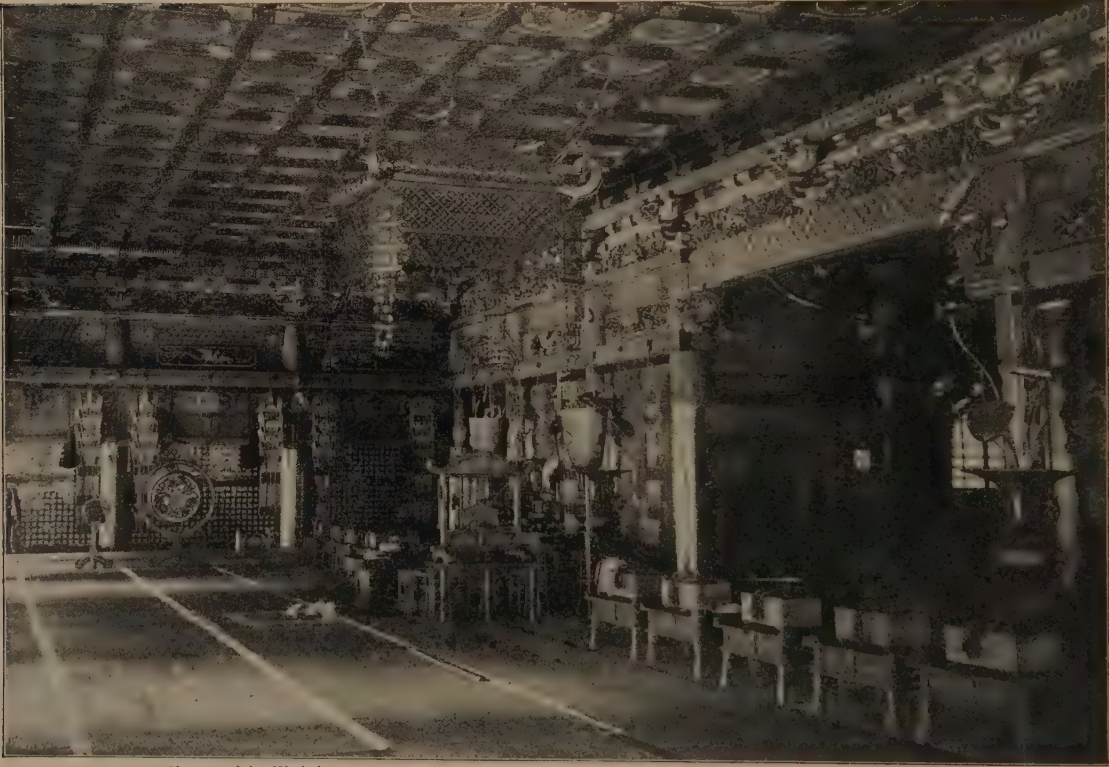
But the two reigns of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, though full of arbitrary deeds, laid the foundation for two hundred and fifty years of perfect peace and wonderful prosperity, a long, happy period all but unique in the history of nations. It is for this that they are loved and honored by the people of to-day. And though their work has been undoing now for

forty years, they are still worshiped by the Japanese. And shall not we also offer up our humble petition and pray them to protect this land of beauty from the modern



vandals who would rob her of her ancient calm and make her like the hurried fretful nations of the West?

The temple dedicated to Iyeyasu is only the abode of his spirit ; his ashes rest high on the mountain's steep and shady slope. We must climb hundreds of steps to look upon his tomb. The granite balusters of the stairway to the tomb are clothed



Photograph by Kimbel

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF IYEMITSU

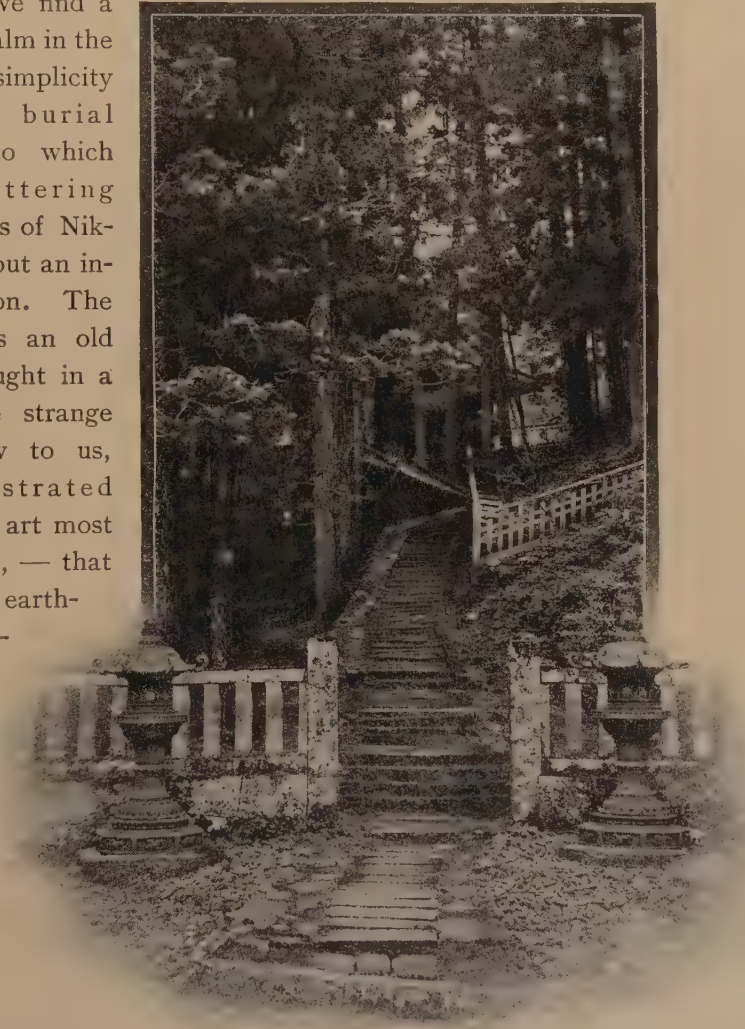
with soft, damp mosses, and one day we found two priests, brush in hand, actually dusting this green velvet made by nature. Finally, far up the mountain-side, we come to the holiest place of all, the mortuary court. The bronze gate bears Sanscrit inscriptions, and the crest of the Tokugawas. Bronze dogs sit on either side in grim and silent warning, for yonder



Photograph by Enami

THE STAIRWAY TO THE TOMB

threshold may be crossed only by Majesty. Pilgrims and visitors may, however, peer between the granite posts of the surrounding barrier. The funeral urn is simple, pagoda-like in form; but mingled with the bronze there is no inconsiderable quantity of gold. The presence of the precious metal is but faintly suggested by a tinge differing from that of ordinary bronze, and, after all the lavish richness of the temples below, we find a restful calm in the severe simplicity of this burial court, to which the glittering splendors of Nikko are but an introduction. The lesson is an old one, taught in a language strange and new to us, and illustrated with an art most exquisite, — that all things earthly, however



AT NIKKO

glorious, however sumptuous and beautiful, lead toward the grave, irrevocably.

From this mausoleum on the mountain we may look down in two directions. Below us on one side are the roofs and



Photograph by Kimbei

THE TOMB OF IVEYASU

ridges of the clustered temples, whence come the murmuring of chanting priests, the sound of drums, the tinkling of the little temple-bells, the booming of the greater. But if we peer down into the forest on the other side, we find that all is verdure, and far off in the solemn great depths of the ravines, cascades of unseen water make a perpetual music; and as sweet sylvan sounds come from the rich gloom of the wood to mingle with the deep tones of the thunderous great bells, which ever and anon speak to the solitude, we recognize that

although art has done much, it is to nature that Nikko owns its marvelous impressiveness.

Nikko is the starting-point for our projected tramp over an unbeaten track, in search of towns and villages where beds and tables and chairs are things unknown. Our route lies westward almost to the far-away coast of the Sea of Japan, thence southward in zigzags to the Tokaido, the great highway connecting Japan's two capitals, Tokyo and Kyoto.

Under a dubious sky we make an early start, and after a few hours of easy tramping find ourselves in the midst of most



Photograph by Enami

WHERE IVEYASU SLEEPS

lovely scenery, ascending by a well-graded path along the course of a mountain-river toward Lake Chuzenji, which lies five thousand feet above the sea. We wear, bound to the



A NIKKO GARDEN

soles of our shoes, thick "*waraji*," a sort of sandals of tough straw which make the stony paths as soft and pleasant to the foot as the finest carpet. My "boy" and the guide engaged by my companions trudge on behind us; our wardrobes and provisions, packed in baskets, follow on tired-looking pack-horses. The waters of the river come chiefly from the lake we are in search of, but their volume is swelled by hundreds of cascades falling from each overhanging rock, sometimes at the very roadside, providing thus a shower-bath for the sweltering rikisha men and travelers as they dash through its icy spray.

We shall not be, for two days yet, really out of the beaten track, for the mountain lake of Chuzenji is visited by hundreds of Europeans every year. At intervals are wayside tea-houses, clean and pretty, and always placed to command some lovely prospect. We make short halts at each of these and then resume our climb, sometimes in the glaring sun, sometimes through dark, cool woods. My traveling companions are just the kind of men that one would choose for such a ramble. Between the long Bostonian and the "brief" New Yorker there exists a firm friendship and an astonishing difference in personal altitude. While the one draws murmurs of astonishment from admiring crowds of peasants, because of his unheard-of height, the other is more popular with the little



people, being just about their size. And as I follow them along the zigzag path which winds continually upward to a tiny tea-house hung there above among the trees like a bird-cage on an ivied wall, I congratulate myself on having so



Photograph by Enami

NIKKO TOWN

congenial a pair of fellow-tramps. The bird-cage proves, on reaching it, to be a rustic *chaya* like all the others, and we stop to taste their yellow tea and eat their polychrome cakes. There two old gentlemen on a bench are leisurely enjoying a light repast and an apparently heavy conversation. Probably they are discussing the peculiarities of these strange foreign travelers who stay but long enough to catch their breath and then hasten on, instead of drinking in, to the utmost, the lovely prospect on which one may look down from this aerial

café. Truly it is worth our while to pause a moment and enjoy the picture there before us—a map of the pretty region we have just traversed. The deep ravines and valleys through which we have made our way are suggested only by ripples in the sea of brilliant autumn foliage which rolls at our feet. There, tossed lightly on its surface, is the frail little tea-house where we rested not an hour ago, looking as if it were about to founder beneath the green foam of a huge verdurous breaker. No picture, no description can give a true idea of the glorious aspect of these mountain forests when their foliage is touched by the artist of the autumn and transformed into a glowing mass of color, from deepest red to palest yellow, with intermediate tints of many shades. It was my good fortune to visit these lovely regions more than once, and when late in November I reached this spot a second time and looked upon the perfected picture which nature had but begun to paint at my first visit, I knew at once whence the bold contrivers of the Nikko temples took their startling scheme of color.



THE ROAD TO CHUZENJI

Photograph by Kimbei

But we continue on and up, past points commanding even finer vistas, until we reach a pretty forest on the mountain-top; and there we lose our way and take a path we should have left alone. But soon we come to bless the happy chance that led us away from the main road and brought us to the brink of an abyss into which tumbles with a thundering sound the water of the lake, forming a mighty crystal column more than three hundred feet in height. This Kegon-no-taki is the finest fall in all Japan; no picture justly represents the awful depths of this narrow gorge or the brilliant coloring of rock and foliage, — these should be seen; and we should hear the deep dull grumbling



Photograph by Tamamura

CASCADES FROM THE CHUZENJI ROAD



Photograph by Tamamura

KEGON-NO-TAKI

of the angry waters and feel the cool refreshing spray which rises in great clouds from this deep gulf, at times concealing the entire scene behind a veil of misty vapor. Of course a tea-house is near by, and there we are directed



THE LONG BOSTONIAN AND THE SHORT NEW YORKER

to the proper path; and a half-hour later we are looking down upon the waters of Lake Chuzenji from our balcony at the "*yadoya*," as the country inns are called. This little village is in the summer season always packed with pilgrims who come to climb the holy peak of Nantai San, which rises just behind it; but now we are the only strangers in the deserted hamlet, and as such we have the best of care. Upon arrival we are received by pretty nesan who take off our shoes and stockings, bring pails of steaming water, and bathe our tired feet, then give us furry slippers and show us to our clean and pretty rooms with paper walls and matted floors.

Soon a good meal is served upon a foreign table, for we are still upon the beaten track, and we sleep this night in beds for perhaps the last time on our tramp. The lake itself serves as the washbowl for all the inmates of the inn, and early every morning the nesan trip down a narrow plank, and, one by one, kneeling, make their somewhat hasty ablutions. The morning toilet is very simple ; it is in the late afternoon or at night that all Japan gets into its hot bath and revels in cleanliness.



A WAYSIDE CHAYA

In Japan we have that delightful anomaly—a people at once picturesque and clean. Most Oriental races delight the artistic while they shock the other senses. Not so with these little people, for with them godliness comes after cleanliness ; the tub takes precedence of the temple. And what an institution it is, this Japanese tub ! The tub of our inn is like a barrel cut in half ; just room for one to squat inside ; beneath

it, a tiny stove which heats the water to a temperature to us at first unbearable but to the Japanese just exactly right. One after another into the same tub go the native guests ; and not only into the same tub but into the same water, for to heat it afresh for every bather would take all night. Sometimes no fewer than forty people, guests and servants, revel in the one and only bath of the hotel. The men take precedence in this



AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE

as in all things, the women follow when their lords and superiors have finished. Foreign guests, however, are offered the first dip, for the Japanese know that we have a peculiar and senseless prejudice against marching in the rear-guard of bathers. But ere you utterly condemn this system, learn that all the bathers wash themselves *before* getting into the tub to indulge in the luxury of intense heat. To the tired travelers these boiling caldrons are indeed restful, and once accustomed to their scalding waters, we give up the chilly

Anglo-Saxon tub and adopt the custom of the Japanese.

The holy mountain Nantai San appears no more formidable than a grassy hill; but this impression is dissipated when once we have begun the tiresome ascent under the guidance of a Chuzenji coolie who bears upon his back the camera and the provisions. To climb the holy mountain we must first propitiate its guardian-priests in the temple at its base. When properly approached, they will open a huge gate and indicate the



O TOMO SAN



OUR BALCONY AT CHUZENJI

path, which is at first a series of steps made of boughs and roots and stones and carpeted with thousands of worn-out straw-sandals cast off by former pilgrims. The stairs end in a maze of tangled roots protruding from the precipitous slopes, over which we drag ourselves upward by means of the trunks and boughs of the trees. Then come bare surfaces of



THE YADOYA AT CHUZENJI

rock where chains and ladders assist the pious pilgrim. There is, however, no danger in this long ascent, for the forest reaches almost to the summit, the great trees giving a sense of security in spite of the sharp angle at which the mountain rises.

About two hours after entering the great gate below, I reach the holy summit, whence, looking off, I behold far, far away —almost two hundred miles to the southward — high above

the other mountain-ranges and floating on the surface of an ocean of white fleecy clouds, the matchless cone,—snow-draped and spotless—of Japan's holiest mountain—Fuji-no-yama. Yes, though I could not see its lower slopes, its majestic snow-cap was plainly visible, riding on the vapors at an altitude so amazingly greater than that of other peaks that at first I sought it vainly near their level. Then, gazing skyward, I discovered at that incredible height the white and dazzling



CLIMBING NANJAI SAN

pyramid. My guide stands with bowed head before a little shrine and makes his peace with the spirits of the mountain while I sit on a convenient boulder and proceed to make my peace with the demon of hunger and to lighten the provision-basket, my attention divided between contemplation of the lovely panorama and the management of the chop-sticks with which I am trying to feed myself. We now descend the farther



Photograph by Tanamura

FUJISAN

slope, and reach by afternoon the pretty village of Yumoto, nestling in the emerald arms of the surrounding hills and mirrored in a little lake some seven hundred feet above Chuzenji. This region, though fair to the eye, offends the nose by its strong sulphurous vapors, suggesting a certain unpopular department of another world. Yumoto is famed for its hot sulphur-baths, and should we cross the lake and enter



Photograph by Kimbel

NANTAI SAN

the village, the startling simplicity of the bathing-arrangements would so shock our Occidental sensibilities that it is best to be content with the distant view. The streets of the town are lined with inns for patients, and with bathing-sheds, which as a rule are open on three sides. In full view of passers-by are tanks of yellow boiling water in which men, women, and children sit and soak, or from which they emerge



THE SUMMIT OF NANTAI SAN

with the greatest unconcern and stroll into the narrow streets to cool themselves. Some of these tanks boast not even a



MOONLIGHT ON CHUZENJI



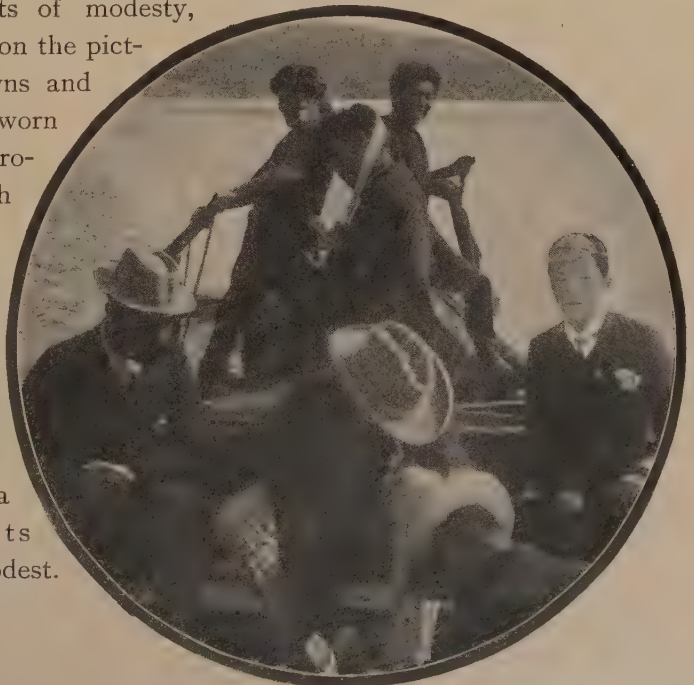
Photograph by Kimbel

YUMOTO LAKE



"CHOW"

roof, and many groups of brown-skinned parboiled people gambol in the sunlight with childish innocence and the blandest unconsciousness of having violated the proprieties. Yet these very people who thus freely disregard what seem to us innate sentiments of modesty, look with horror on the pictures of ball-gowns and ballet costumes worn by women of European lands. With them the necessary is always proper. It is only when there is an element of ostentation in the exposure of the person that a lack of garments becomes immodest.



CROSSING THE LAST "BEAT" OF THE BEATEN TRACK

The walk from Yumoto to Chuzenji is one of the most famous for its beauty in all Japan. Lovely indeed are the rushing waters, blazing maple-trees and mossy pines, and the gray peaks of the mountains rising all about us.

Quite late at night we reach once more the shores of Lake Chuzenji. Its surface is ruffled by the chill night-wind, and



WHERE THE TRAMP BEGINS

as we watch the heavy clouds scud swiftly across the moonlit sky, casting their fleeting shadows on the waves, we feel that this picture is indeed a fitting close to a day so full of beautiful and varied scenes. But even richer days await us.

On the far shore of the lake a depression in the mountain-chain marks the pass of Ashio, at the entrance to the Watarase Valley. At that pass we are to bid farewell to the haunts of foreign tourists and begin our tramp along an unbeaten track.

The last "beat" of the beaten track lies somewhere about the middle of the lake. In one of the pictures our expedition is seen in the very act of crossing it in a sampan. My boy,

the faithful Tsuni Horiuchi, is binding to our feet the straw waraji, which are to make us surefooted as mules on the twenty miles of mountain-path which lie before us. The guide Tamaki San sits aloof; he performs no manual labor, but devotes all his energies to the consumption of American cigarettes and the dispensing of our store of filthy lucre, — incidentally smoothing away by his knowledge of the land many a little wrinkle which might otherwise rob us of that peace of mind so necessary to the traveler who would fully profit by his wanderings and carry home with him impressions worth preserving. The coolie boatmen are a happy lot who



RESTING



OUR BAGGAGE-CARAVAN



AN ALPINE BIT

seem to think it an odd idea, this tramp of ours in the far interior on foot, when we could well afford to ride or even stay at home in ease and comfort.

Our boat soon touches at a village of about four houses, which lies at the foot of the pass of Ashio. Here we disembark, and Tamaki superintends the loading of our baskets and provisions on the backs of the four coolies who are to act as bearers for the day. Pack-horses would be useless, for the path can be traveled only by men on foot, so steep

and narrow is it in some places. A short stiff climb brings us to the top of the ridge whence we take a farewell look at Lake Chuzenji and then begin the long descent of the Watarase Valley, sometimes along a dizzy trail, sometimes



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

TONSORIAL TRIMMINGS

down the bed of a mountain-stream, jumping from rock to rock. Our guide and boy are not the best of pedestrians, and we stop at all the finest points of view to give their short legs time to bring them up in line. The coolies, on the contrary, are most accomplished tramps, taking their twenty, thirty, or forty miles a day with ease, seemingly unconscious of the heavy burdens piled upon their backs, and sure-footed as a chamois,—thanks to the straw waraji.

It might be said that in Japan there are more shoemakers than in all the other corners of the earth, for almost every



MOUNTAIN KURUMAYAS

peasant makes and sells waraji, and in every tea-house, shop, or temple by the roadside, hang clusters of this inexpensive footgear. For half a cent we may be nicely shod—one pair of sandals lasting on good roads about two days, but on roads such as we sometimes travel two pairs a day were usually worn to shreds. The natives are thus always sure of finding extra shoes wherever they may be; but as our feet surpass in size the largest ever dreamed of in this land of little people, we carry special sizes made to order in Yokohama for our own use and comfort. These, when worn with the native socks,



THE TABLE AND
THE CHAIRS AT GODO

or "*tabi*," which, mitten-fashion, have a separate place for the great toe, are admirable for tramping; and thus shod we make good time afoot, grateful to be spared the wear and tear of heavy leather boots. The path becomes more and more picturesque as we advance. We feast our eyes on the delicate yellows and the rich browns and reds of the autumnal foliage. Far below, the little stream,

in whose very bed we walked a few miles back, has, aided by



THE LANDLORD'S FAMILY

a thousand tributaries, become a rushing river, fighting its way around the bases of the heights along whose richly tinted slopes we travel. For two entire days we follow this ever-swelling torrent, the first day on foot, the second in jinrikishas, for we wish to test the vaunted powers of the inland kurumayas. A cheerful lot these runners, ever smiling even while tugging at



A VILLAGE STREET

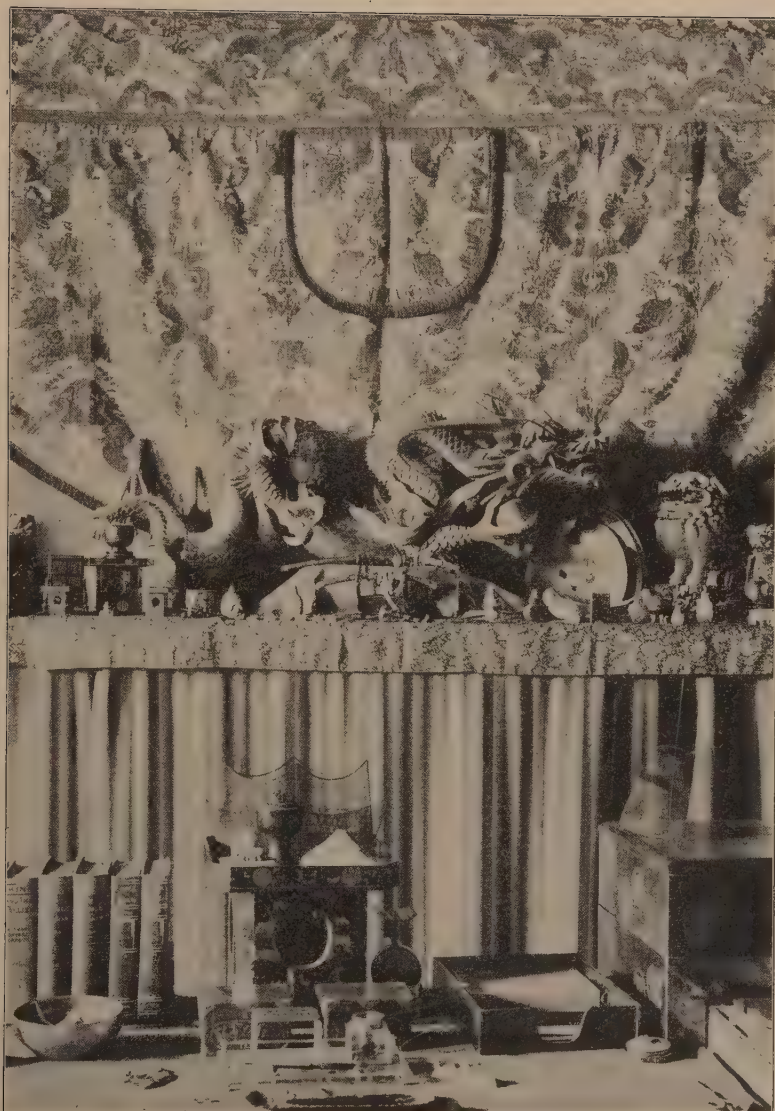
their rolling chairs over the frightful road where every rut threatens to capsize us. The "push man" keeps a firm hold on the bar behind, and rights the vehicle each time it lurches a bit too far, or lifts it gently over the fallen logs or the deep washouts in the road. What legs these fellows wear! Some have the calf developed almost to deformity, the great balls of muscle standing out and stretching the brown skin to the utmost. They wear but little in hot weather, the summer uniform consisting of the "*fundoshi*" of white linen and a set of shoulder straps, helped out perhaps by a beautifully tattooed design upon their limbs or bodies. But every time we reach the outskirts of a town, they halt

and slip into their cotton coats ; for a new law prohibits this healthful seminudity save in the open country.

We camp the first night in a dingy inn at Godo, where from some mysterious closet the servants bring forth with pride a table and three chairs to prove that they are not ignorant of the ways of foreigners. But to them foreign cookery is a sealed book, and we prepare to enter on a course of native "chow." To our great surprise up comes our Horiuchi with a dainty dinner after our own fashion, for, unknown to us, this invaluable "boy" has brought with him a frying-pan and other imported kitchen utensils ; and now that we are beyond the reach of semiforeign influences, he triumphantly appears in the new character of chef, and by his delicious cooking so shakes our resolutions to be orthodox, that we submit without a murmur to his incomparable omelettes, his fried chicken, and his corned-beef hash. Yes, Chicago canned corned-beef has penetrated even these remote valleys, in the train of kerosene and lamps and the deadly cigarette. Our



A STREET OF STEPS



IN THE AUTHOR'S LECTURE FACTORY

stock of bread gives out quite early, but native rice affords a delicious substitute, and so we find the threatened hardships of the interior to be far from unbearable.

We are objects of intense interest to the good man of the inn who, with his wife and children, stares at us by the hour.



Photograph by Enami

MURAMATSU HOTEL AT IKAO

Not pretty, these village girls of Godo, some scarcely picturesque; but most of them have gentle voices and gentle little ways in striking contrast with their round and pudgy faces and their coarse hard-worked hands. It is at Godo that for the first time we go bedless to bed, for that one table and those three chairs were the only things not strictly Japanese in all the house. At night the servants bring out from capacious cupboards thick quilts called "*futons*," which they lay

upon the matted floor. We get into our own sleeping-bags — sheets sewed up in the form of capacious sacks — and retire between two of these wadded futons, our heads upon a third rolled up and shoved into our private pillow-cases. The pillow of Japan is an impossibility, a block of lacquered wood topped by a sausage-shaped cushion and placed beneath the neck, reminding one of a headsman's block. We soon reduce the performance of going to bed to a science, knowing just how to have the futon laid to avoid the draughts that blow through every crack; and after a few nights on the floor we began to find the floor quite good enough for tired travelers.

A few days later, after a long journey up into another range of mountains, we reach Ikao, an interesting health-resort, a place of hot baths and hotels and steaming gutters of boiling mineral water. Our hotel, they tell us, is "up-town," and in Ikao this is no indefinite direction, for a glance



at the main thoroughfare resolves all doubt as to which way to turn. It is one giant stairway bordered by bathing-houses. We mount this abrupt avenue, where at every corner we trip over the network of steaming bamboo pipes which conduct the boiling waters to distant bathing-places. We glance in at the doorless front of the public bath-houses, and there see men and women in a state of nature being



THE WAY TO HARUNA

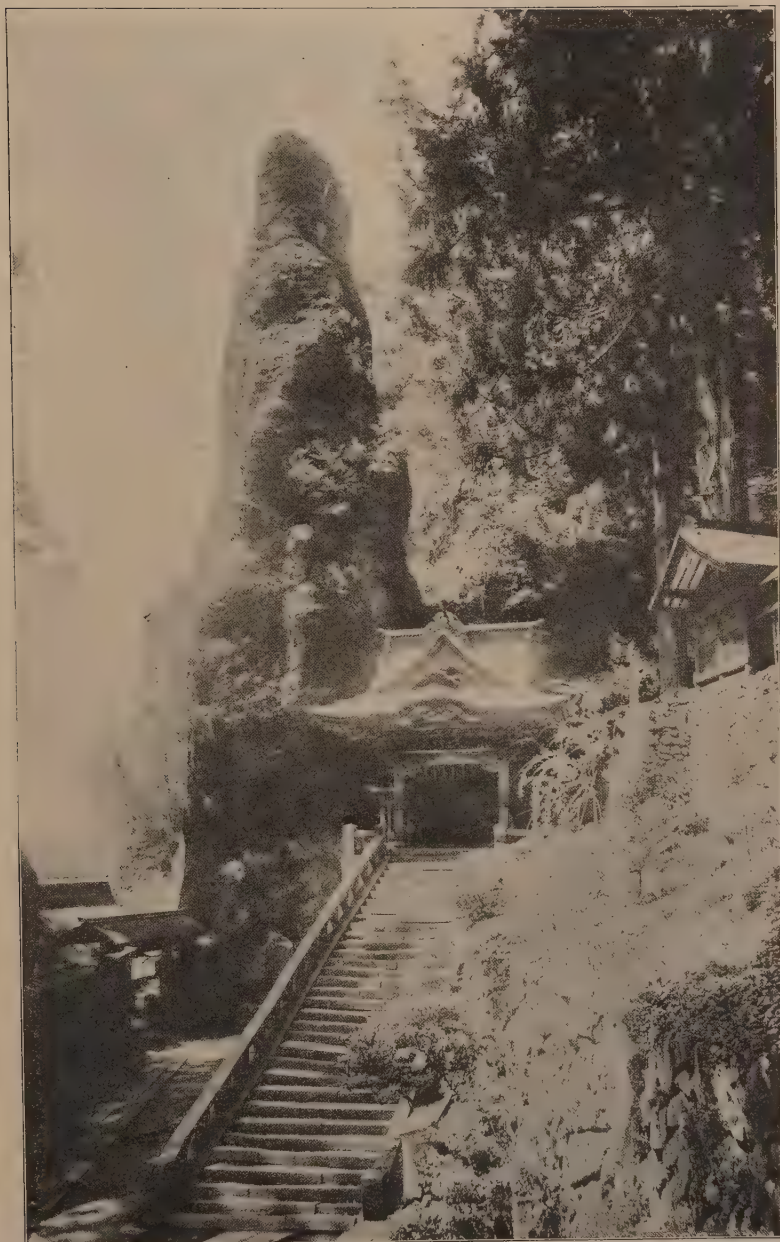
gently parboiled, the sexes separated by a bamboo railing -- for bathing-laws are much more strict than in the early days. We turn into narrow alleys and there find early risers sousing themselves and their lacquer dishes and their babies in the seething gutters, for in these mountain towns there are gutters of running water, hot and cold, for the free use of the people. After observing one housewife washing her babies, and another, lower down, washing her dishes in the same gutter,

we decided that a place of residence at the top of the town would be for very obvious reasons the most desirable.

The Hotel Muramatsu is the leading caravansary in this Oriental Karlsbad ; and upon its two-foot-wide piazzas sit the guests, sunning themselves in the brief intervals between the bathing hours. The buildings give us an excellent idea of Japanese construction ; we distinguish the sliding frames covered with translucent paper which form indiscriminately the partitions, doors, and windows of the chambers ; at one end of each veranda we see the wooden panels, which at night are



A BRIDGE AT HARUNA



Photograph by Tamamura

THE GATE OF HARUNA

run out into grooves, tightly closing the balconies and shutting out light and air as well as wind and rain. When, by request, we were awakened very early in the morning, it was done in the coolest manner imaginable ; for, without a signal, three little maids entered the corner chamber where we lay rolled in our bags of sheeting, and calmly removed and took away the three outer walls of our boudoir, leaving us to all intents and purposes out in the cold, cold world to make our toilet in the full view of other early risers assembled in the street below.

Our first meal in native style was enjoyed after a six-mile tramp from Ikao to a lonely yadoya on the shore of a mountain lake called Haruna. We had, of course, in Yokohama, eaten Japanese dinners, but mainly from curiosity, and usually immediately after a table-d'hôte at the Grand Hotel ; but here we have true hunger for our sauce, and as the frying-pan of Tsuni is not with us, we needs must test the cuisine of the inn.



PACK HORSES AT IKAO

The old man of the house has caught for us a splendid salmon-trout, and this, well-cooked, with smaller fish, raw "*daicon*," a sort of radish, and an omelette made like a roll of jelly-cake, with sea-weed in place of the jelly, are washed down by dozens of cups of tea and several bottles of the hot rice-wine, or "*saké*." And what a teacher hunger is in the art of using chopsticks! We performed this day surprising feats of dexterity.



THE HOTEL MURAMATSU AT IKAO

After the feast we straighten out our folded legs—which, however, are fast becoming used to being doubled under us in these bare chairless houses—and set out for the real object of our excursion—the Shinto shrine of Haruna.

What is this "Shinto," or "Way of the Gods," the so-called "National Religion of Japan" to which this shrine of Haruna is dedicated? To define it well is difficult, it is so vague a fabric of belief; although previous to the importation of the Buddhist faith it was the only religion of Japan.



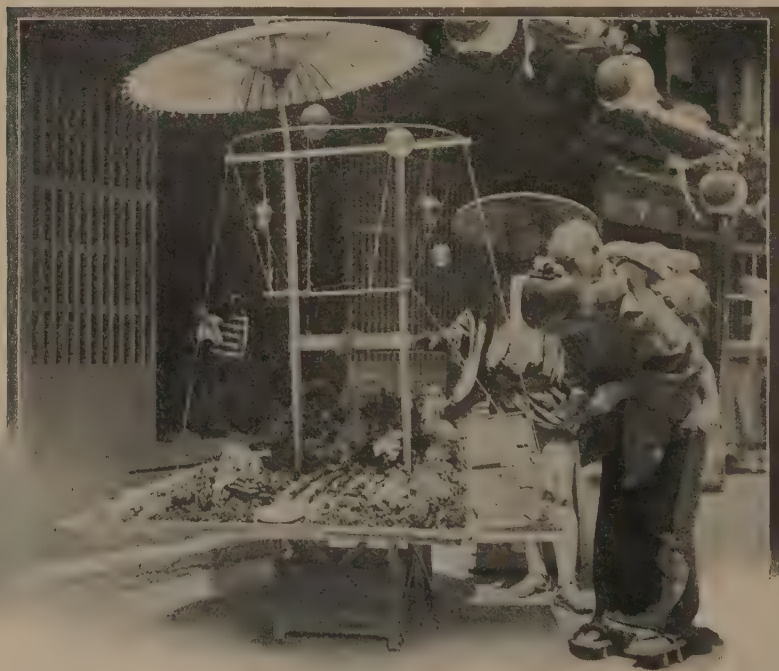
This Shinto cult traces its origin to the Sun Goddess, the ancestress of native Majesty, and thus establishes for itself a great antiquity. Its holiest shrine is at Isé, where this Sun Goddess holds her court, while throughout the land are innumerable lesser temples in honor of the deified Mikados of the past, and others sacred to the gods of wind and fire and food, to the gods of certain

mountains, certain trees, some even to the god of pestilence! As we proceed, the rocks about us become more fantastic, taller, slenderer, until the climax of this unearthly scene is reached, and we stand before the gate of entry, wedged tightly in between the verdured cliff and a lofty monolithic column of reddish rock, which like an uncut obelisk stands balanced on the hillside, guarding a little gate that is a gem of the architecture of another age. Even Nikko with all its splendor boasts not a piece of work that for



simple, exquisite design and for perfect workmanship can rival this gate of Haruna. It is in natural wood toned by the centuries — no paint nor lacquer mars its lace-like tracing.

The heavy spreading roof is supported by pillars and panels carved with designs so delicate and minute, so deep and wide-spread, that we wonder there is left sufficient strength to bear up the crushing weight of its four gables. Nay, rather let us say that from this roof depend veils of fine old lace, brown with the dust of centuries, but still preserving the patterns woven in by the patient workers of the long ago. Mounting the threescore steps before us, we enter at the sacred portal beyond which other steps lead on and up into a lantern-haunted enclosure shut in by walls of rock and verdure. The God of the Earth and the God of Fire are the deities most favored here, for as children of the sun they hold high places in the Shinto pantheon. So holy is this court that even the Mikado — great grandson many times removed of the Goddess



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

of the Sun--may not be carried up these steps, but must like ordinary mortals ascend on foot. It is, however, only since the restoration of the Emperor, in 1868, that Shintoism has in a measure regained its ancient vogue; for after the advent



GOCHODA

of Buddhism, in the seventh century, Shinto sank to a myth unknown to the people, so overshadowed was it by the gorgeous ritual and the deep moral precepts of the imported faith. For, strange as it may seem, this indigenous religion has no moral code, no rules of life, and promises after death nothing that is definite. The only formula of Shinto is this: "Honor the Emperor and obey your natural impulses," surely the essence of simplicity. The absence of a moral code is accounted for by modern native writers on the ground of the innate perfection of Japanese humanity which obviates the necessity for such moral props. It is only outcasts like

the Chinese or the people of Western nations whose natural depravity renders the occasional appearance of sages and reformers necessary!

We see above the entrance huge bells, in form like sleigh-bells, each with a cord attached by which the worshiper may jingle one or more according to the importance of his petition, and thus rouse to attentive listening the drowsy spirits

of the Shinto deities who are thought to be lost in sleep when not engaged in giving ear to praying pilgrims.

We finally turn away and journey back along the valley path, casting regretful glances behind us at this unique and ancient fane, which has impressed us far more deeply than even splendid Nikko.

The usual amount of chatter and confusion attends our final departure from Ikao; but at last our baskets, cameras, and the precious frying-pan are safely bestowed upon the unwilling backs of three



Photographs by Otis A. Poole

rare old pack-horses who seem conscious of the fact that horses are not common in Japan. The "*betto*," or groom, who leads one of the animals, is a gentleman of the old school, his head dressed in the classic style; a V-shaped bit of territory is shaved clean on top of his pate, and his hind hair is gathered into a short stiff cue, pointing over his crown as if to indicate the proper way to go—straight



A FARMHOUSE

forward! The horses being anything but swift, we let them shamble on ahead while we linger to bid farewell to the little nesan. We say to them the prettiest things we have learned in the tourists' phrase-books, and they receive the compliments with deprecating smiles; and then, as we stalk away, they shower on us "*sayonaras*" and "*arigatos*." To avoid confusion let me say that "*arigatos*" and "*sayonaras*" are neither flowers nor old shoes, but are the words which in



THREE GENERATIONS

the mouths of those little ladies mean, "thank you" and "good-by," pronounced "sī-yo-na-ra" and "a-ring-a-to."

Our tramp from Ikao to Haramachi, the next resting-place, leads through the valley of the Adzumagawa, a rich and fertile region where a thrifty population have built their clean and pleasant villages. We stop at many

a farmhouse or roadside inn, sometimes to rest, sometimes to watch the different processes of the silk industry as carried on by the good housewives. About us are acres of mulberry-bushes nourishing millions of the silk-producing worms that yield the filmy fibers from which the dainty fabrics of Japan are fashioned.



Photograph by Otis A. Poole



Photograph by Tanamura

MOUSMÉ

Near almost every house a tiny rice-mill, its wheels turned by the roadside rivulet, performs its never-ending task with many a splash and thump; for the machinery is a set of crude mallets continually pounding away in bins of grain.

Each village, usually a straggling double-row of houses, is drawn out to an interminable length, while a step from the back garden of any of the dwellings brings us into the open



A COURTEOUSLY CURIOUS CROWD

country, so thin are these attenuated towns. Back of the gardens on each side stretch away the cultivated fields covering the entire valley floor, while the terraces on the neighboring hillsides tell of long years of careful cultivation.

At one roadside cottage we pause to watch a proud young mother who has brought her red-faced baby to call upon its grandmother. The old woman talks to it in "baby Japanese," and makes just the same kind of fuss that grandmas do



TONSORIAL TRIMMINGS
 Photograph by Otis A. Poole

in other lands. These people, though appearing poor, are neatly dressed; the house is clean with that spotless cleanliness of the Japanese; and though simple, their robes are very neat, and the younger woman's hair is elaborately arranged in the prevailing mode. But this manner of coiffure strikes us as too suggestive of being built, too firm and "slick-looking"—not strokable. It seems as if it must give rise to much anxiety during the night for fear of breaking it, for, as we know, it is done over only once a week. The wooden pillow, however, which touches only the neck, insures the safety of the complicated structure. As



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

IN MATSURI ATTIRE

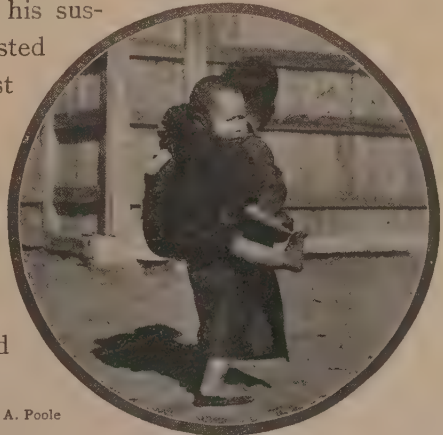


for the infant, if he have an older brother, he will pass the next few years of his young life upon that elder brother's back, for that is where all the babies in Japan live,—on somebody's back.

Yes, all day long the infants dangle from the shoulders of brother, sister, mother, or aunt,

the father's back alone being exempt. In slumber the baby's head falls limply back and wobbles painfully as the waking member of the combination plays tag, or hop-scotch, runs, jumps, or fights; and when the sleeper is by chance disturbed and tries to remonstrate with a plaintive wail, a few vigorous humpings of the back on which he rides reduce him to a choking silence. One happy infant did we see who had escaped thus far the torture of his suspended contemporaries, for he rested in a perambulator, a thing most rare in Japanese babyland.

Now, if we ask the age of the children, we bring to light some curious facts concerning birthdays in Japan. Suppose one youngster to be born in January; suppose him to be favored



with the advent of a little sister on the 31st of December of that self-same year. Well, strange as it may seem, on the following first day of January, both babies are called two years old. Thus Japanese children are one year old when born, and they are two years old the following New Year's day. No one in Japan has a private birthday ; whether born in June or in October, each waits for New Year's Day to celebrate together ; then they start even in the race of life.



A BASHA

We have tried nearly all the means of transport in Japan, but not until we reached the town of Shibu did the existence of the "*basha*" thrust itself on our attention. Here, at this otherwise attractive town, we come in personal contact with this marvel of the native carriage-maker's art. The illustration flatters it, the likeness is not truthful ; the horses appear almost fat and well groomed, the paint looks fresh, the driver

seems a mild and honest-featured man, and the chief peculiarity of the vehicle is not properly in evidence. That peculiarity is the total absence of springs. Can you take in the fulness of this revelation? We did not until we started. I

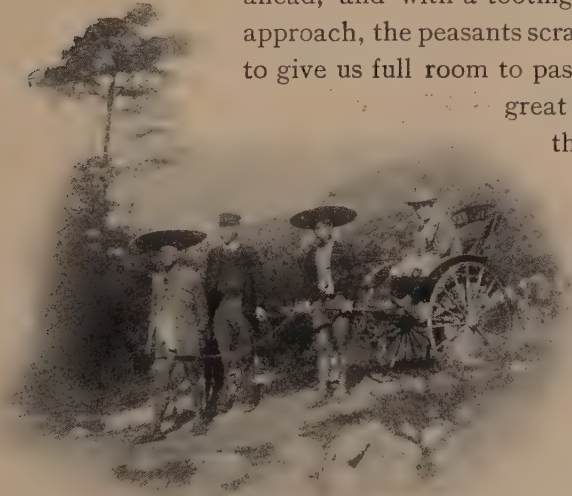


OUR RIKISHA CARAVAN

have said the roads were bad. They are ; but we never knew how utterly depraved they were until during our twenty miles over hill and dale, the basha with fiendish malice accented every rut and emphasized every boulder. A conductor ran ahead, and with a tooting horn heralded our approach, the peasants scrambling into ditches to give us full room to pass, for they stand in great respect and awe of this Oriental tally-ho.

Thereafter we traveled entirely by rikisha.

Happy-natured and undismayed by their arduous daily labors were



MY TOURING-CAR

the three runners, who for four long days dragged me through the pelting showers and under the burning sun with equal energy and speed, happy when I cared to dismount and do on foot the steep ascents. Sometimes they traveled tandem, but where the roads were roughest the leader took his place astern to push and steady the swaying chair when deep washouts or stony places set it rocking and threatened a disaster. The novelty of rikisha travel soon passes, and we come to find the seat small and none too comfortable; and so, unless the mud is very deep, we go on foot by preference. But in the pouring rains we find a cozy refuge inside the rikisha, the buggy-like hood raised, and the rubber lap-robies spread. When tempted to complain of discomforts, we are shamed to silence by the happy, cheerful ways of the human horses who do the work and very seldom grumble. We employ seven kurumas, three for the masters, two for the servants, and two for the impedimenta. And as this train, its motive power furnished by forty-two brown,



A BAD BIT OF ROAD

bare legs, wound through the valleys, skirted the mountain crests, or dashed through country villages, we became all too familiar with the monotonous chant of the runners who seemed to cry in chorus mile after mile, "*Nan daku na*,



A RIKISHA PORTAGE

Nan daku na," while to the rider in the hindmost chair the fourteen great straw disks which served for hats appeared as they wobbled wildly from side to side like a lot of frantic pancakes pursuing one another down the road. We made about thirty miles each day, but when we think how many miles of broken rock, how many miles of clinging muddy earth, made up that road, the distance covered is a credit to the willing legs of our untiring kurumayas. One day we covered forty-nine and one-half miles in eleven hours and forty-five minutes, the road being very hilly, and crossing three low passes. Yet the runners seemed quite fresh at the finish.

At last we reach the valley of the Tenryū River, one of the most celebrated in Japan. It flows almost due south and

falls into the sea near Hammamatsu. Our long line of jinrikishas follows its tortuous course for two days, now and then fording the rocky tributaries or crossing them on rough planks where bridges have been washed away by recent floods.

At Tokimata our days of rikisha-riding end, for there begins the voyage down the rapids of the Tenyugawa, ninety miles to Hammamatsu on the coast. Therefore Tamaki pays



TOKIMATA

off the runners, each man receiving about four dollars for the four-days' work, and as they must travel four days more to reach their homes again, we instruct Tamaki to add a little saké money with our compliments; and with this we forget our human horses. But they do not forget us. As we sit upon the floor over our evening tea, we hear soft footfalls in the corridor, a screen glides aside, and into our little room file fourteen long-robed individuals who drop upon their



Photograph by Tamamura

THE TENYUGAWA

knees, put their honest heads on the floor, and burst out into a chorus of "*Osakaté oki arigato*," which we know enough to translate as, "Our biggest thanks for the honorable saké money!" Then each one makes his private bow and thanks to each of us, and finally all steal away, leaving us touched at this expression of gratitude for well-earned pay. But alas! next morning we find them all hard at it, dice in hand,



By permission

TRACKING THE BOATS UP-STREAM

sitting in solemn circle engaged in a speculative ceremony which has kept them up all night, and has resulted in transferring the earnings of thirteen unfortunate speculators into the pocket-book of the lucky and exultant fourteenth player.



OUR CRAFT

At sight of us the game breaks up and all press forward to bear our baskets to the river-bank and stow them in a long frail boat in which our dash of ninety miles is to be made. The long lithe boards of which this craft is built yield to pressure like sheets of blotting-paper,—a necessary flexibility, for an ordinary boat could not live in the narrow rocky channel we are about to enter. We take our places amidships, four boatmen man the craft: two near us, one in bow, one in stern. Each carries a long rude oar, and wears the blue garments of the people. There is something just a little inquieting in thus trusting ourselves to these strange men, to this frail boat, and being borne in the strong grasp

of the swift current toward unknown dangers — jutting rocks and furious rapids. But off we go ; in an instant the group of bowing coolies on the bank fades from our sight, and rocks and trees and fields and houses begin to dash past us at terrific speed, while all about us is an angry-swirling sea of foaming waters, the turbulence of which no photograph can picture. The boat's sides and bottom heave and creak as we rush on, our speed increasing as the river narrows rapidly, the rocky banks pressing in closer and closer, and the stream becoming more and more angry in the ever-tightening grip of the cañon walls. The first rapid takes our breath away ; — down we go sidewise, bearing right upon a huge sharp rock



THE FIRST RAPID

which, like a mighty spear, stands ready to impale our fragile craft. Then just as we are about to strike, the counter current catches us and throws us off, and away we go toward the other bank — toward more sharp rocks and



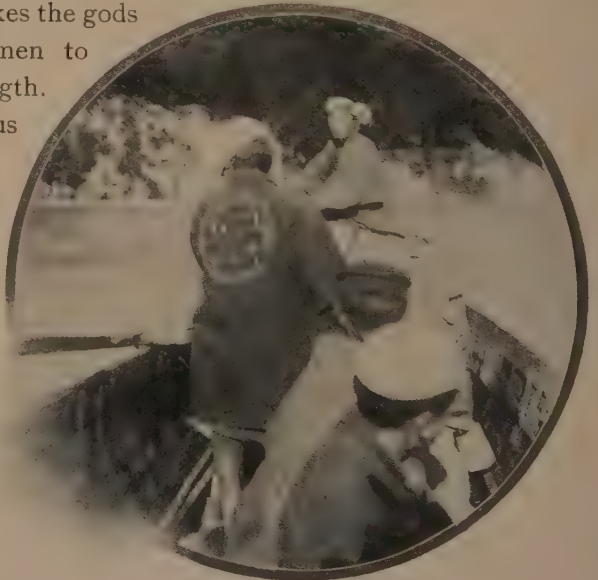
THE ANXIOUS HELMSMAN

knows well his task, and passes jutting rocks by a hair's breadth, with utmost confidence. The lookout at the bow with his long oar gives warning thumps on the boat's side when dangerous places are at hand. This thumping serves two ends; it invokes the gods and prompts the boatmen to put forth all their strength. During this long furious race the dull thuds of that oar come thick and fast as down we go into one boiling pool only to recover in time for another plunge. Often we ship considerable masses of green foaming

other foaming races. At the bottom of each rapid we are stopped suddenly by the whirlpool, which checks the boat with sharp quick jerks, the thin flat bottom heaving like a carpet on a windy day.

For six hours we continue to shoot rapid after rapid, each one more steep and turbulent, each one seemingly the last in which a boat could live. But

the man at the stern



ROUNDING A ROCK

water, which with long scoops is rapidly baled out during the short intervals of peace between the races. When in full descent of one of these watery stairways, where the steps are great boulders and the carpet a rushing mass of green water and pearly foam, we forget our wringing garments, our hunger and discomforts, and give ourselves completely to the enjoyment of this mad ride which every moment brings us nearer to the coast, to railways, foreigners, and cities. We shall be loath indeed to end the race.



THE NOONDAY HALT

The scenery about us is magnificent. Five minutes after launching out, the river narrows and suddenly enters a long deep tortuous cañon. A high bridge flies overhead, like a long spider-web borne on the wings of the wind, and almost instantly is hidden from view by the next cliff, round which we dash broadside on, the churning waters whirling us on without a moment's relaxation. For sixty miles we twist and

wriggle in the torrent's grasp, always directed by the unerring eye and hand of our alert and active helmsman. In him and his fellow-oarsmen our confidence is perfect ; for do they not know every rock and race by name ?

This swift descent, accomplished in eight hours, gives no time for their rude surveys, but the long and tedious voyages up-stream from the coast give ample opportunity for study of



Photograph by Tamamura

THE BRIDGE OVER THE TENVUGAWA

the river's moods and tricks, for to reach again their town of Tokimata these sturdy fellows must employ twelve days of incessant effort, creeping up in the lee of the great rocks, and towing their boat with long ropes.



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

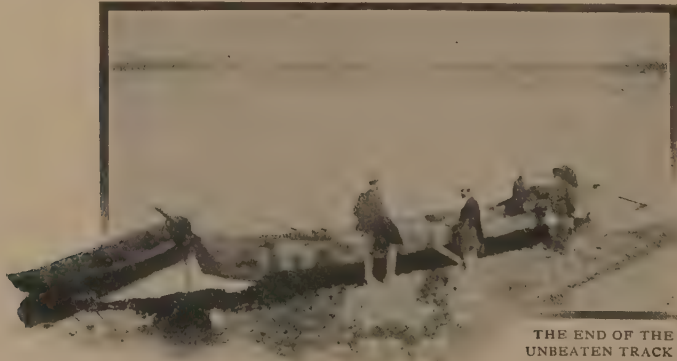
RUSHING WATERS

Tugging and tugging in one ceaseless struggle with the resisting waters they accomplish the ascent, counting their progress by inches, while in the downward voyage they have reeled off mile after mile with scarcely any conscious effort. At last we reach the sea-coast plain. Our speed slackens as the river, freed from its mountain-bed, broadens into a placid lake-like stream; the mountains gradually recede and soon become mere outlines in the distance. These final thirty miles of peaceful drifting are indeed reposeful after the hours



TOILERS OF THE DEEP

of continued excitement. At sunset we reach our destination, and our landing near the railway bridge within sight of the sea is the closing incident of our never-to-be-forgotten ramble through the interior provinces of old Japan.

THE END OF THE
UNBEATEN TRACK



JAPAN—THE CITIES



THERE is a Japanese adage which tells us, that "once seeing is better than a hundred times telling about." This applies so aptly to Japan itself that it were presumptuous to attempt to give in two brief *tellings* any idea of the fascinations of the Land of the Rising Sun. But with the aid of pictures that reveal a little of the beauty of the land, it may be that these "tellings" about the country and the cities of Dai Nippon are at least better than no tale at all.

Tokyo is the greatest of Japanese cities, the metropolis and the capital of the Empire. More than a million and a half of people live in this broad, flat city, and yet there are few wide streets, and the average height of houses is only one



Photograph by Enami

TOKYO

story and a half. Tokyo viewed from an elevation looks like a cold gray choppy sea, repellent and unpromising, but there are many charming things beneath that surface of tiled roofs.

The foreign visitor is usually taken to the Imperial Hotel. Where should American and European travelers lodge if not in that magnificent establishment, where all the comforts of the Occident are provided, thanks to a thoughtful government which is determined that the stranger shall not find the greatest city of Japan deficient in hotel-accommodations of the most modern type? If you seek nothing but comfort and convenience, by all means go to the Imperial Hotel; but if, like me, you want to *feel* that you are really in Japan, pass by this splendid pile and follow me, across broad spaces,

skirting the Imperial Castle, the home of the Mikado, toward a remote and thoroughly Japanese quarter of Tokyo where there are no reminders of the modern lands across the sea.

I came to Tokyo in company with a gentleman of Yokohama, a traveled Japanese, whom I had met upon a trans-Pacific steamer. He and his wife had planned a Sunday holiday in the metropolis, inviting me to meet them on the evening-train. We arrived at Shimbashi Station an hour after dark. Thence in jinrikishas we speed away through narrow streets, dark and silent, then along broad brilliant avenues, and over dozens of little bridges. This continues for an hour. Then we cross a great bridge spanning the broad Sumida River, and for half an hour dash along a smooth road on the river bank, racing up-stream with the moonbeams on the water.

"Where are you taking me?" I ask my Oriental friend, and the jinrikishas rattle so I cannot hear the answer. But presently it dawns upon me where I am. There on the other shore I see the tower, temple, and pagoda of Asakusa. This,



THE IMPERIAL HOTEL

therefore, must be Mukojima, the famous avenue of cherry-trees, and the black branches which cut graceful, gloomy silhouettes against the sky are the same that we have often seen in pictures, glorious in their spring-time dress of pink. Yes, we are on our way to the far end of the long Mukojima

highway, at least six miles from town, where we shall find an inn that is completely and entirely Japanese in structure and surroundings. It is called the "Yao Matsu," "The Place of the Eight Hundred Pine-Trees." It is the most aristocratic suburban resort of Tokyo, patronized only by the richer Japanese, unknown to foreigners, unmentioned in "Murray's," remote from tramways, far above the terminus of the puffy



THE SUMIDA RIVER
Photograph by Tamamura



BY THE SUMIDA RIVER

tugboats on the river,—in a word, secure from all the influences which are dispelling the peaceful atmosphere and ruining the picturesqueness of Japan.

Although my friend had written in advance for

rooms, he was not certain that we could obtain them, for the proprietor had replied to his first letter, saying : “Please do not bring the foreign gentleman of whom you speak ; we have no chairs for him to sit on, there are no beds for him to sleep in ; our chef cannot cook beefsteak ; we cannot make him comfortable.” A second letter to the host assured him that the foreigner would demand no more than any native guest ; that he, in fact, preferred to be as Japanese as possible.



THE JAPANESE METROPOLIS

The unfailing courtesy of the people of this land lent an air of cordiality to our welcome at the Yao Matsu, where we arrived at half-past nine at night. It proved an ideal place, this “Place of the Eight Hundred Pine-Trees.” A dozen semidetached dainty dwellings are ranged between the river and this little lake. We are very tired, very hungry, for we have not dined. Of course we shed our shoes before we enter.



IN A JAPANESE GARDEN

Mr. Sugawa and his wife—for my friends must no longer be anonymous—are dressed in Japanese kimonos, and I have not been long arrived before I, too, am just as comfortably, as coolly clad as they. Tea is served in tiny cups. Supper is ordered. Geisha are sent for to sing and play and dance for us, and all the waiting-maids, the nesan, come to take a peep at the first foreign guest the inn has ever entertained;—but they are disappointed. I do not appear sufficiently exotic, for in my present garb I am not obtrusively American. I even sit in that conventional Japanese attitude



A SUBURBAN HOSTELRY



THE YAO MATSU INN



THE EVENING MEAL

which, although so trying to the Occidental

knee, is assumed and held with ease and comfort by all the other people at our supper-party. Mrs. Sugawa would never think of sitting down in any other way; her husband, however, when at home or dining with his friends, might possibly sit cross-legged for a little while, but never at a formal function. The Geisha, when in attendance at dinners or big banquets, pass hours sitting thus, playing and singing. As for the servants, they never come into our presence without dropping to the floor, touching foreheads to the mats, and then sitting back upon their heels to receive our august commands.

One nesan on the left was fearful of the flashlight, by means of which the evening scene was photographed. Would that I, too, had been fearful of it! The charge exploded, almost in my right hand, and a few seconds later this little group of new acquaintances was turned into a helpful band of sympathetic friends. It was almost worth while to have



MOUSME

one's hand all but withered by that incandescent magnesium powder, for the accident brought out so much of unsuspected kindness and solicitude.

Everybody in the house sat up with me for three long painful hours, until a doctor could be brought from Tokyo. He declares that my right hand will be useless for a month.

And to think that I have just learned to eat with chop-sticks and must now begin all over, and educate the fingers of the other hand ! But hunger is a splendid

teacher ; the awkward fingers soon pick up the knack ; in fact, for a one-handed man, Japanese table-customs are happily adapted. There are no knives and forks demanding two trained hands, and sometimes superhuman strength ; the carving — even the cutting up, is done before the food is served.

My friends left on the following day, and my first thought was that although I was to stay in Tokyo I should have to move to the Imperial Hotel, in other words, return to modern civilization. But how, on second



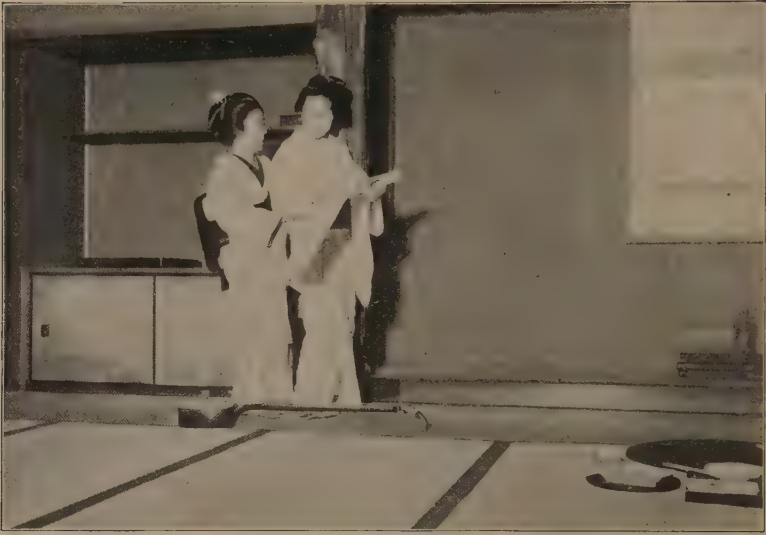
BREAKFAST

thought, could a disabled traveler be more advantageously situated than here in the little inn, which grows prettier every time it is looked at from a different point of view? Here are servants ever ready to put on your shoes, button your coat, insert your cuff-links; here is a skilful bathing-man, to put you through a rousing red-hot bath, and carefully keep your bandaged arm from getting wet; here are the smiling waiting-maids to serve you with things to eat, strange dishes, pretty to look at, curious to taste, food which seems to satisfy but never banishes the appetite for more than a few moments. Yes, I decide to make the Yao Matsu my hospital and my headquarters and engage a room amid the "Eight Hundred Pine-Trees" for the remainder of my stay.



IN THE RAIN

Photograph by Tamamura



Photograph by Tamamura

"KANJO," THE BILL

My room has balconies on either side ; one is quite narrow and overlooks a sleeping lakelet and the garden ; the other, a broad veranda, serving as a corridor, hangs amid the tree-tops



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

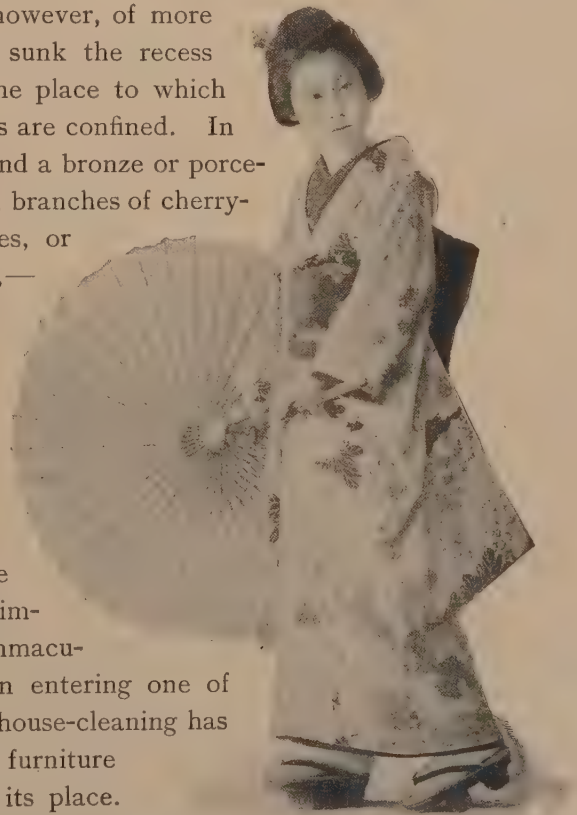
IN A JAPANESE HOTEL



A TRANSPLANTED TOKONOMA

on the river side. Through the branches we can see the glimmering waters of the wide Sumidagawa, with here and there a passing junk or sampan sailing cityward. And sometimes when the skies are kind and clear, there rises in the western distance a graceful form like an inverted fan, the far-off, ghost-like apparition of the sacred mountain Fuji-San. My apartment is dainty and immaculate beyond description. Upon the floor are the thick straw-mats called *tatami*; over them rugs are sometimes spread as a precaution against the clumsy destructiveness of "civilized" foreigners. Light, sliding screens covered with translucent paper may at a moment's notice be so disposed as to form several tiny single rooms. One wall of each room is, however, of more substantial stuff. In it is sunk the recess called the "tokonoma," the place to which all ornaments or decorations are confined. In the tokonoma we usually find a bronze or porcelain vase containing flowers, branches of cherry-blossoms or of maple-leaves, or sometimes a dwarfed tree,—a little tree as old as a grandfather, and yet no larger than a child. Against the wall behind is hung the kakemono, or decorated scroll.

The usual impression produced by a Japanese room is one of severe simplicity and cleanliness immaculate. Our first thought on entering one of these airy abodes is that house-cleaning has just been finished, and the furniture not yet been put back in its place.



The fact that the seemingly bare room contains all necessary furniture is a difficult one to impress upon the Occidental housekeeper. Of course, when meals are served, divers small tables, not more than six inches high, make their appearance, as do also a few lacquer trays. Then at night the beds, or "*futon*," fat, wadded comforters, brought forth from closets dissimulated in the wall, are spread upon the floor ; and if the



Photograph by Tamamura

THE MUKOJIMA AVENUE

night be cold, a little stove called a "*hibachi*" is provided. This is a wooden box, half filled with ashes in which a bit of charcoal is smoldering. If the night be very cold, the traveler may take the stove to bed with him, a perforated cover being put over it to prevent a conflagration.

The neighboring shore of the Sumida River becomes in early spring the favorite resort of the beauty-loving citizens of Tokyo. Then the cherry-trees, which for eleven long, long



By permission

AN IRIS GARDEN

months have stood like ugly skeletons, their denuded bones outlined against the sky, put forth quite suddenly a wealth of rosy blossoms, as if to say, "See what I have been secretly



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

CHERRY-BLOSSOMS

preparing. Is not a fortnight of this glory better than months of simple verdure?" Indeed, the very briefness of the season during which these flowers make the city glad, gives to the cherry-blössoms that charm which only evanescent things possess.

Who would not willingly wait a year to see an avenue of trees all glorious with sunset clouds at mid-day! Japan needs no printed calendar; her people trace the progress of the seasons in these beauty-festivals that Nature plans and celebrates. The Japanese know, by the token of these flowers, that the spring has come. that March is drawing to a



IRIS

Photograph by Otis A. Poole



CHRYSANTHEMUMS

close, or that the month of April has begun. Travelers who have promised themselves sight of these glories and would insure themselves against a bitter disappointment should reach Japan about the 20th of March, for an early spring and a windy day may bring the cherry-blossom season prematurely to a close ; but as a rule, the middle of the month of April finds the trees still decked. The tree puts all its life and vigor into this one supreme effort in the spring, for it bears no fruit, and through all the other seasons of the year stands bare and leafless, awaiting its next annual glorification. Throughout the land, wherever there are cherry-trees in parks or lanes or temple gardens, the people gather beneath the rosy shade of the lovely but ephemeral flowers, and picnic and poetize until the winds scatter the pretty petals and leave nothing but the remembrance of vanished loveliness. But consolation



WISTARIA



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ENTRANCE TO ASAKUSA PARK



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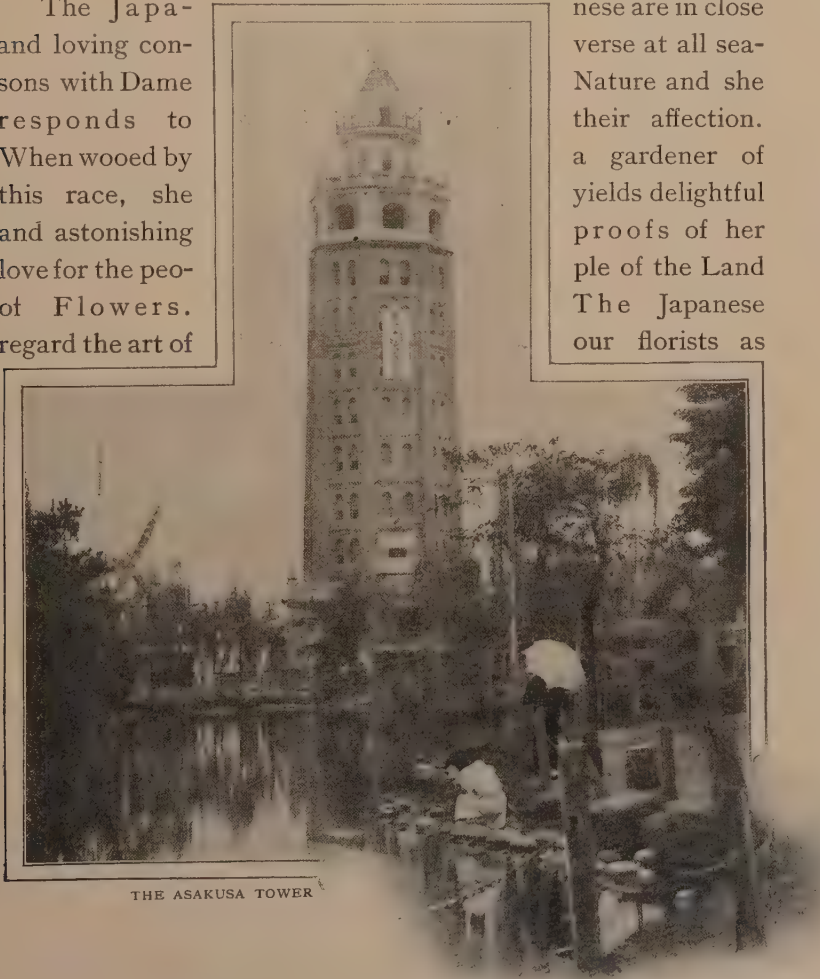
ASAKUSA TEMPLE

comes in June, for then the iris flowers spread out their rainbow hues on the green carpets of the gardens which are made even gayer by the dainty dresses of the admiring visitors.

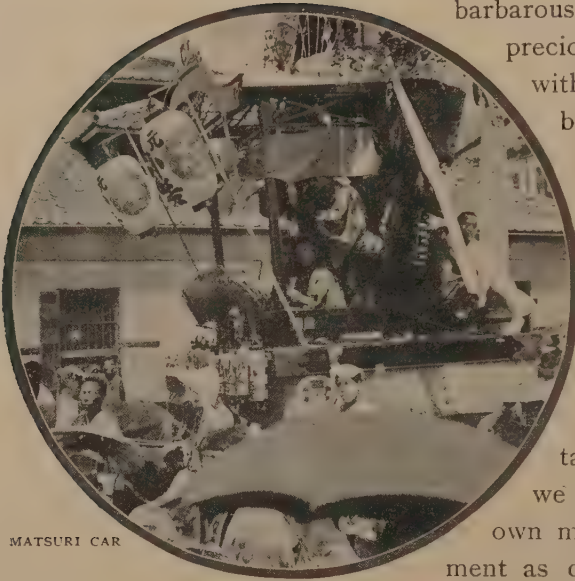
A love of the beautiful is innate in almost every native of Japan. How happy is the nation whose people, even the humblest, can find a satisfying pleasure in the mere contemplation of the things that Nature freely sets before them! And then contrast a dainty tea-house, its wistaria trellises enveloped in purple haze,—with a Teutonic beer-garden, where formal Christmas-trees in hideous green pots are ranged in rows!

The Japanese and loving consonance with Dame Nature responds to When wooed by this race, she and astonishing love for the people of Flowers. regard the art of

nese are in close converse at all seasons Nature and she their affection. a gardener of yields delightful proofs of her people of the Land The Japanese our florists as



THE ASAKUSA TOWER



A MATSURI CAR

barbarous, thinking a flower too precious a thing to be crowded with a score of others into a basket or bouquet, or massed to form atrocious "floral designs"—anchors, broken columns, or "gates ajar!" One flower in one vase is very Japanese, and after we have studied the charming effects attained through simplicity, we come to look upon our own methods of floral arrangement as distasteful and wasteful.

Then in November come the chrysanthemums—the National Flower of Japan. The chrysanthemums do not grow along the roadside, but must be sought in the gardens



MATSURI SEASON



By permission

FOR THE WEE ONES

of the expert florists where, in dainty greenhouses of bamboo and under roofs of delicate oiled paper, they spread their gorgeous petals to delight the eyes of multitudes who flock to these exhibitions of the gardener's art. The finest are to be seen in the Imperial Gardens at Tokyo, and fortunately an invitation to the Mikado's Garden-Party gave me an opportunity to see this celebrated display. On one single stem I saw no fewer than four hundred and sixty-five perfect blossoms, and where other stems bore but a single flower, each was a marvel in size and coloring.



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

" LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG "

One of my earliest outings is a visit to Asakusa. There is always a crowd at Asakusa ; it is the most popular resort of Tokyo. People come to pray and play. Religion and merri-ment hold joint sway over this celebrated quarter. There are a dozen shrines and temples, there are a hundred dozen shops and shows. But first, like pious Buddhists, let us go to the great Temple of the Mercy Goddess, Kwannon, clap our hands before her image, add one metallic drop to the never-ceasing rain of copper coin that pours from the clouds of superstition into her treasure troughs, and with our remain-ing fractions of a cent buy grain and seed from the old woman in the court to feed the hungry pigeons which dwell beneath the eaves of the temple. Then, after climbing the ugly



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

THE LANTERN-MAKER

twelve-story tower, we return to the city streets, to find a festival, or "*matsuri*," in progress. These *matsuri* seem to break out on the slightest provocation. An entire quarter will suddenly, for no obvious reason, "shut up shop" and



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STREET-CARS NEAR UENO

give itself over to rejoicings and enjoyment. A gigantic car of several stories is drawn through the streets attended by the happy crowds. Upon the higher platforms are mummers and musicians; and on top of all an effigy of some old warrior or hero. Just what the fuss is all about the stranger never knows. We are content to take the celebration as a picturesque event, and to let its mythical, religious, or historical meaning remain a mystery. Child life is never seen to such advantage as during these days of popular jubilation. The quaintest, cutest little types of Japaninity parade the streets in festival attire. A whole lecture might be given on the "Wee Ones of Japan," and should it ever be my privilege to come again to this land of happy childhood, I promise you

that I shall not fail to study this delightful subject. The stranger always has ample warning that a matsuri is coming. Two or three days before the arrival of the happy date the streets of all the quarter blossom out with paper lanterns,



IN UYENO PARK

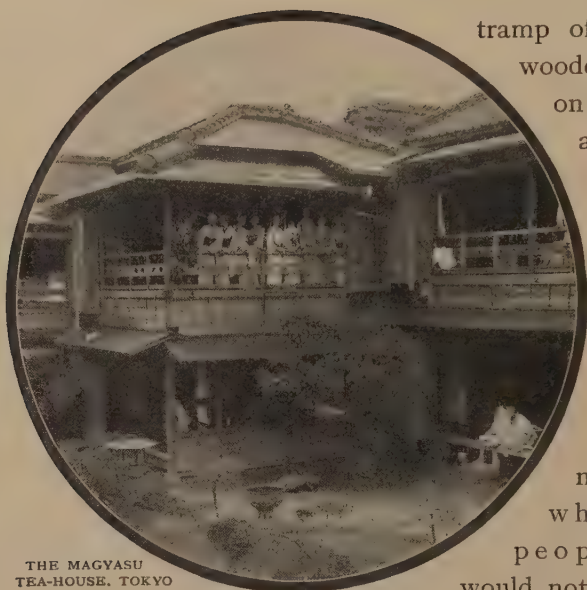
uniform in shape and in design according to the special fête-day to be celebrated. At night the scene is one of fairyland. Interminable double rows of glowing lanterns stretch away in all directions. In any other land these lanterns would be made by machinery in gigantic factories; in Japan they are made by hand in tiny studios, for lantern-making is not an industry, it is an art. This is the secret of the charm of "things Japanese." The factories are studios, the industries are arts, and the workmen, almost without exception, artists. Many of my photographic slides were colored by a little man whose daily pay would not equal that of the "artist" who whitewashes our fences. The ability of skilled, artistic, Japanese labor to under-live even the common toilers

of the West is the most threatening feature of Japanese competition in the markets of the world. It is, however, devoutly to be wished that industrial and commercial progress shall not mean artistic degeneration, and the annihilation of Japan's innate good taste. It gives us a shock every time we meet a street-car here in Tokyo; they are abominably out of place, exasperatingly deliberate, usually overcrowded, and astonishingly cheap. It is almost a day's journey to cross the big metropolis in one of those slow cars. The picturesque, speedy, and exclusive rikisha is comparatively expensive, but let us hope that it will successfully resist its rival, for a Japanese city without it would be indeed a sorry place.

But the beauties of Uyeno Park, especially in springtime, make amends for the ugly banality of modern means of reaching it. Once within the limits of the park, we find ourselves again in old Japan. Uyeno, like Asakusa, is a place of prayer and picnics. Crowds throng into the temple courts, and the



GARDEN OF THE CHA-YA



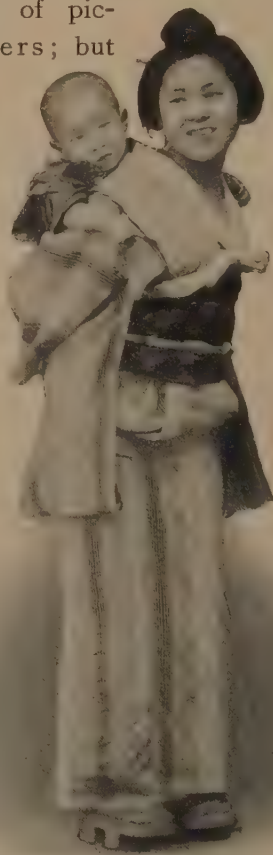
THE MAGYASU
TEA-HOUSE, TOKYO

tramp of many feet shod with wooden sandals when falling on the granite paths makes a strange music, a sound peculiar to Japan. It may be likened to the sound that would be made by a large orchestra composed entirely of xylophones. The Japanese are a nation of picnickers; but

what
people
would not go

in for frequent picnics, given these same inducements—a perpetual round of floral festivals? The blossoming of the cherry-tree, the advent of the iris, the drooping of the wistaria,—all these events call out this beauty-loving population to gardens, parks, or favorite tea-houses, famous for some special flower.

But there is one perennial attraction to every tea-house in Japan, that of the pretty “Geisha,” about whom so much has been said, and about whom so little is accurately known. In that dainty musical comedy, called “The Geisha,” so well presented by the late Augustin Daly’s Company, we had a picture of tea-house life as it appears



Photograph by Nagasaki



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GEISHA

to many travelers. The heroine, a pretty dancing-girl, flirts with the foreign visitors, attracting custom to the *chaya*, of which she is the bright, particular star ; but her smiles and winks dispensed to patrons mean no more than do the smiles and winks that come to us across the footlights. It is all acting, made more difficult because there are no footlights to help out the artist, and no curtain to ring down when her



SHIMBASHI GEISHA

trying scene is done. The art of being a geisha is the art of being perpetually and convincingly amiable. Who will deny that this is the most difficult of all the arts? Yet trained to it from childhood the geisha of Japan succeed so well that their life seems one of unaffected happy, girlish gaiety. But behind it all there are long hours of hard work at the "samisen," with singing teachers, with the costumer and dancing-master.

The geisha are not attached to the staff of the tea-house, but are sent for when ordered by the guests for whom they are to dance and sing. The younger geisha are doll-like children, for most of those who dance are children from twelve to fifteen years of age; those who play the musical accompaniments are older, but not over nineteen at the most. The remuneration they receive is indeed very small.



MONKEYS

It may be that these little creatures are not beautiful according to our western standards, but no one can deny that they possess a strange, exotic charm; they seem unreal, impossible, mysterious. They are one moment like playful, romping children, thoughtless and wild, the next like women, strangely youthful, strangely dignified, as if conscious of their charm. Or, again, at some stately banquet, they may appear impassive as priestesses, pouring saké from graceful porcelain bottles as if they were performing some religious rite. It has been said that there is no expression in the faces of the Japanese. "They are



GREETING



like monkeys," says one critic. I beg to differ with him. Here are monkeys, the most famous in Japan, carved on a sacred structure by a classic sculptor of three hundred years ago. The group is meant to teach the pious lesson that we should neither speak, hear, nor see any evil. Let us ask a clever little geisha to imitate as closely as she can the expressions and the poses of these tricentenarian simians. First the middle one, who is supposed to *spea*k no evil. Not difficult this;

for there are no Japanese, no no words that soil must learn the speare or of Mo- can speak evil. stops the ears *hear* no evil; tion. Lafcadio he lived more Japan without gry word pro-



evil words in words profane, the lips. She speech of Shake- lière, before she And now she that she may needless precau- Hearn says that than a year in hearing an an- nounced, or wit-

nessing a real quarrel. And finally, that she may *see* no evil, let her hide her almond eyes behind her chubby fingers.

True there is evil to be seen in every land, and in Japan the evil most conspicuous is that which we champions of Western civilization have ourselves introduced. But to return to our monkeys—if these be monkeys, we might all beg to be put in the cage!



Geisha are, in fact, the most important part of a Japanese feast. Without geisha no entertainment in good society could possibly be given with success. They are not waitresses, however; they are artists, proficient in the art of entertaining and always clever, pretty, and well-gowned. True they do serve both food and saké; but this they do artistically, not as servants, but with the grace and graciousness of hostesses. A gentleman giving a dinner to his



THE TOKYO OF TO-DAY

friends would never dream of permitting his wife to do the honors. She probably would not be seen. A group of geisha would be engaged to furnish that pervading feminine charm without which a feast is nothing. The geisha are expected to enliven conversation, amuse the guests with witty sayings and bright stories, delight them with pretty mannerisms, all this time keeping the saké cups well filled. Saké, which is distilled from rice, is usually served warm in



GEISHA TEACHING FOREIGNERS TO DANCE

tiny porcelain bowls, holding about four thimblefuls. Though it is but mildly alcoholic, its effects must be most agreeable, according to a native drinking song which may be translated somewhat as follows :

" When you drink saké,
 You feel like the springtime.
 And the loud cries
 Of impatient creditors
 On the outside,
 Sound in your ears
 Like the voices of nightingales
 Singing most sweetly."



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

A SHOP-FRONT

Between the courses of the dinner or at the conclusion the geisha perform descriptive dances, strangely graceful, and ranging from slow and solemn, almost religious movements, to indescribable flutterings, like those of colored butterflies.



A BAMBOO WALL
 Photograph by Otis A. Poole

These pantomimic dances each tell some pretty story, poetic or historic. The plot, however, is difficult to grasp, nor is our comprehension facilitated by the explanations of our guide, who actually thought that he had elucidated everything with the following words: "Gentlemen, I will explain him" ("him," meaning, of course, the plot). "Long time ago Daimio he come to beach with his ladies.

He think he saw a poem, so she went to his home and destroy his enemy with the poem and the general—he was a very bad man." And then we said, "Ah, yes; how interesting!" Of course the geisha play the inevitable, distressing samisen, and sing their little songs. This is distinctly less agreeable, for such squeaks and squeals as issue from their pretty lips in the name of heaven-sent harmony are enough to break the spell that their soft gentle tones, employed in conversation, have cast about our spirits. Some one has written apropos of this, "It is quite fortunate that the musical art is not more generally practiced in Japan." And to this the average, uncomprehending Westerner must add, "Amen!" For although these Oriental maidens may fascinate the Western eye, they can do nothing but exasperate the Western ear when they burst into song. Like good little children, they should be seen and not heard.

Let us, then, go out into the streets where we may see them by the score. How may we best describe these busy streets? They are so strange, so changing, so bizarre. It



A STUDY IN GEISHA ATTITUDES

seems as if the population had nothing to do but wander up and down to add life and color to these Oriental thoroughfares. True, the effect of this Eastern picture is now and then marred by the passing of a mousmé, bearing a hideous modern parasol imported from the West, or by the fleeting presence of some Oriental gentleman whose artistic costume is crowned by a derby hat of antiquated form. These are, however, insignificant defects. The picture in the ensemble is delightful, and we never tire of the pretty sights that greet us as we dash in rikishas through these crowded streets, our



ENTRANCE TO THE MIKADO'S PALACE

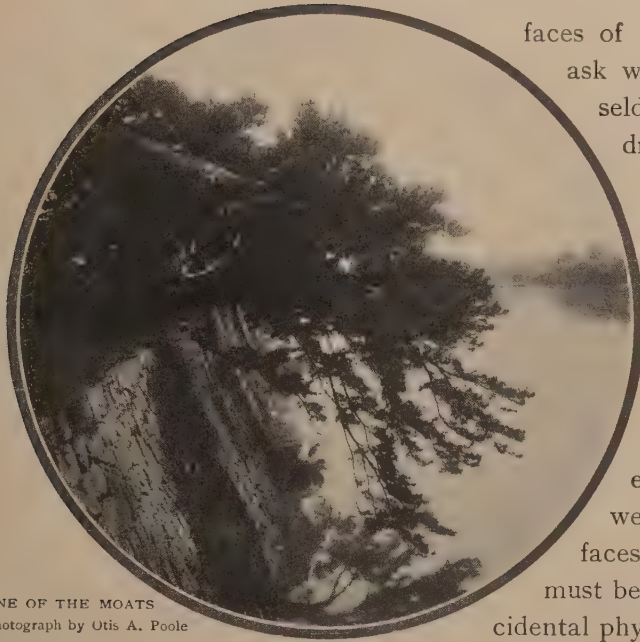
runners pushing loiterers aside, because they think that foreign passengers are always in a hurry. There are few streets, even in the larger cities, that bear the impress of foreign architectural teaching, although here and there we find an ugly building in the modern style; and in these streets there is comparatively little stir and noise, no genuinely heavy traffic, no rumbling trucks, no feverish haste. Instead of these we find the swift and almost noiseless flight of rikishas, at times a gentle flutter of excitement, perhaps a little polite crowding, and over all a sound like that of laughter, broken

now and then by cheerful cries. Even a funeral should not be a sad spectacle. The exquisite courtesy of the Japanese teaches them that it is rude and selfish to show a sad face to the world. They are taught to bear grief with a smiling face. We are told of the foreigner who was shocked by what seemed to him the heartlessness of the family nurse, who announced to him the death of her husband with a low laugh and a smiling face. In reality that laugh betokened the most thoughtful consideration for the master. To have appeared before the master with an unpleasant tear-stained face, to have addressed him with the tones of woe, would have been *impolite*. The laugh that accompanies the announcement of sad news has been translated into words by Mr. Hearn. It signifies, "This you might honorably think to be an unhappy event. Pray do not suffer Your Superiority to feel concerned about so inferior a matter, and pardon the necessity which causes us to outrage politeness by speaking about such an affair at all." The Japanese speak of the angry



EXQUISITE CARPENTRY

Photograph by Otis A. Poole

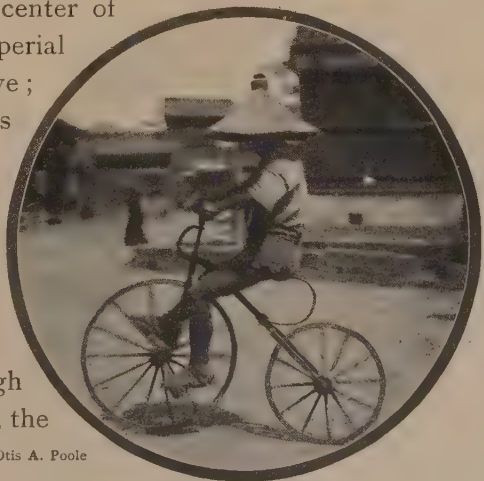


ONE OF THE MOATS
 Photograph by Otis A. Poole

faces of the foreigner, and ask why it is that we so seldom smile. Children in the remoter provinces always cry out in terror when they see for the first time the features of a European. In the early days the strong-featured faces of the foreigners were likened to the faces of demons. It must be confessed that Occidental physiognomy lacks the

reposeful calmness so characteristic of the Orient.

The home of Japanese Majesty is an unseen palace hidden in the depths of a vast, silent, almost impenetrable park; for around it rise three series of cyclopean walls crowned with castle-like turrets and protected by broad deep moats. Though situated in the very center of Japan's greatest city, this imperial abode is as silent as the grave; for so thick are the ramparts and so broad the moats that none of the turmoil of the outer world may penetrate to the inner gardens where the Emperor, surrounded by his court, dwells in a semi-religious seclusion. Although formerly invisible to his people, the

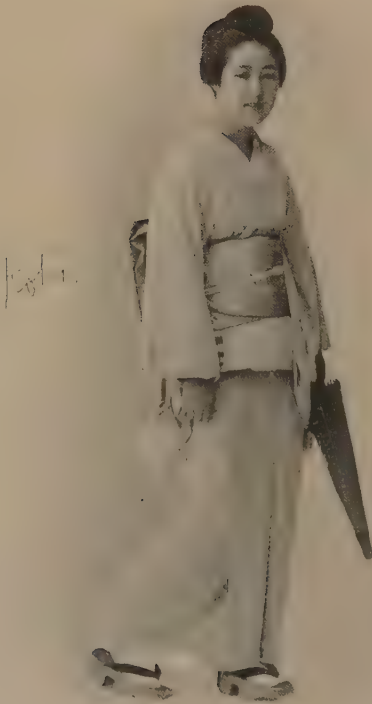


Photograph by Otis A. Poole

LEARNING WESTERN WAYS

Emperor now frequently shows himself in public. At the annual garden-party, held in the grounds of another and less sacred palace, in November, 1892, I had the honor of meeting face to face the Mikado, Mutsu Hito, the Empress, and some thirty of the ladies of the court. Of course no pictures of the scene were in any way obtainable. Fortunately so, perhaps, for alas! all who come to the state-functions must obey the imperial mandate and appear in modern European dress. Would that the Japanese of high degree could see themselves as others see them at the garden-party. The imperial court has lost much in dignity by abandoning the artistic dress of old Japan in favor of the hideous habiliments of Western civilization. The little Em-

press of Japan, O Haru, a woman of the most refined, aristocratic type, looked sadly ill at ease in her gown fresh from Paris. She and the dainty ladies of the court seemed to have laid aside their grace and poise together with their fine old robes of state. The Empress shook the hands of those who were presented to her, like a timid school-girl; and the bows of the court ladies, so graceful when performed in native costume, are rendered comic when every forward inclination of the body is attended by the skyward bobbing of an antiquated bustle. Nor can the men, any more than the women of Japan, wear gracefully the costumes of the West. Even



GOWNED IN THE FASHION

the Emperor, arrayed in a military uniform like those affected by European monarchs, seemed to lack, because of certain inherited mannerisms, that peculiar quality which we are pleased to call "a kingly bearing." His innate dignity,



Photograph by Enami

IN SHIBA'S SHADE

however, would have impressed us had he appeared in the superb Japanese robes of state like those worn by his imperial ancestors and even by himself before the Restoration. The coats of many of the guests revealed curious conceptions of foreign fashions. Nor was their headgear less remarkable. The relative sizes of hat and head had apparently never been taken into consideration. In many cases the hats were of such generous proportions that they were prevented from settling to the wearer's shoulders, and thus eclipsing his countenance, only by resting on his diplomatic ears. Fortunately this craze for foreign dress, that at one time threatened

to pervade all classes, is now confined to the small circle of the "upper ten." At court the wearing of it is obligatory; but the people have realized that the adoption of European dress without the adoption of European manners is incongruous and silly. The good sense of the mousmé of Japan prompts her to retain her graceful native dress that gives her that indefinable charm to which not only famous poets but also mere travelers have alike been subject. "But the Japanese girl turns in her toes," some may say. What if she does? She does it gracefully, and they are very pretty toes, because they have not been deformed by leather shoes. "Trilby" could never have become famous in Japan merely because her feet were natural in shape. The Japanese girl, when she bows, bends forward from the waist, at the same time gliding her hands downward to her knees, then straightens up again. This movement, awkward when performed by foreigners, is, when done by those who know its secret, as graceful as the prettiest of Occidental curtsies. Her taste



REGIMENTS OF TORO

Photograph by Kimbel



STONE LANTERNS

in matters of raiment is usually exquisite and almost invariably good. Bad taste is hardly ever manifested by the Japanese save when they affect the things that are not Japanese.

But to resume our rambles in the capital. We make our way to the sacred park of Shiba, the burial-place of the last of the Shoguns, the last of those great generals of the Tokugawa family who previous to 1868 dwelt in the palace of Tokyo and there held temporal sway, while the reigning Mikado lived the life of a demigod in inglorious tranquillity, in far away Kyoto. The one feature of this sacred park most vividly recalled is the great army of tall, mysterious stone lanterns—“*toro*,” as they are called. Thousands and thousands of them stand in close ranks about the graveled courts. To us they seem like a host of ancient warriors waiting to attend some solemn ceremony in honor of their departed Prince; and this simile is not inapt. For each of these lanterns was erected here by some great daimio, or

noble, owing feudal service to the Tokugawas. And thus these immobile battalions truly represent the military strength of the old warrior whose funeral court they guard. The tombs of these Tokugawa Princes are surrounded by shrines and temples that are among the most magnificent in all Japan. The Japanese delight in honoring their military chiefs as gods, and all this deification and worship of old heroes is only the survival of that admirable spirit of loyalty to lords and princes that was the key-note of the feudal life. This land has had a noble and chivalrous past, as is proved by many tales of bravery and daring, and of these tales of chivalry none is more popular than the famous story of "The Forty-seven Ronin." Almost two hundred years ago a certain Kotsuké, a cowardly favorite of the Shogun, after insulting the noble Prince Ako, not only refused him satisfaction, but, to avoid a duel, obtained by perfidy from the Shogun a condemnation of Prince Ako and the seizure of his lands and castles. Ako, obedient to the Shogun's sentence, committed suicide by hara kiri.



GATE AND PAGODA OF SHIBA

At this, the retainers of the martyred prince declared themselves "Ronin" or "masterless men," and swore to avenge Prince Ako's death. But the crafty Kotsuké guarded well his person. The Ronin were compelled to bide their time. To allay suspicion they feigned indifference, and, abandoning wives and children, pretended to lead dissolute and careless lives. But all this time they were perfecting plans of vengeance, and for many years in profoundest secrecy



Photograph by Enami

GRAVES OF THE RONIN

they awaited the day of reckoning. At last the day of reckoning arrived. Kotsuké becoming careless from long security, reduced his guard, and one winter night the band of Ronin broke into his palace, slew his retainers and, capturing their cowardly enemy alive, demanded that he should end his life by suicide, as their master had been forced to do. But he had not the courage to do the bidding of the avengers, who therefore severed his head from his body, and laid it some hours later as an offering on Prince Ako's tomb.

To-day that grave is surrounded by forty-seven other graves. For, the vendetta accomplished, the Ronin gave themselves up to justice. Their deed was lauded to the skies; but feudal law required that they should die. To them, however, was granted the privilege of that death, dear to the chivalric Samurai, the "happy dispatch," or hara kiri. Thus the forty-seven Ronin with their own daggers stoically disemboweled themselves, and falling forward in their own life-blood, died with their master's name upon their lips.

And now after two centuries have passed, this burial court is still a place of pilgrimage. Here, as in a temple, rise clouds of incense offered up before the tombs by a never-ending procession of visitors, who come from far and near to pay their tribute to the loyalty and courage of these forty-seven men who died because their master's name and honor were to them the most sacred things on earth.

This story in its dramatic form is one of the most popular of the native dramas, and is repeated often at the Japanese play-houses. It is as familiar to the Japanese theater-goers as "Hamlet" is to us. It was my privilege to see it admi-

rably presented by the famous Danjirō, the greatest actor of Japan, an artist who ranks among the great dramatic geniuses of modern times. Although the stage-traditions and customs of the Japanese differ widely from our own, a Japanese drama may be comprehended and enjoyed even by one who



GRAVESTONES



Photograph by Ogawa

HARA KIRI

does not know the language of the players. Many scenes are done almost entirely in pantomime with an accompaniment of music and recitative. The stage-settings and the costumes are magnificent; and realism is carried far beyond anything with which we are familiar. Take, for example, the suicide of good Prince Ako; we are not spared a single phase of his death-agony. Like the brave Samurai he is, Prince Ako, condemned by his sovereign, dies preferably by his own hand.

In old Japan hara kiri was the only honorable death for a man in disgrace. The victim, dressed always in white, attended by his second, and in the presence of the appointed witnesses, grasps a small dirk, and at a signal thrusts it into his body. Then with the knife in his vitals he must deliver his last messages to his friend and second, and then complete his work with a quick side-movement of the blade, thus disemboweling himself. Should he lack strength or courage for this final effort, it is the duty of his second to decapitate him

instantaneously with a long curved sword. To learn to perform gracefully both of these strokes was formerly a part of every noble's education, and boys were early exercised in the approved method of holding and thrusting the self-destroying dirk and of swinging the executionary sword.



A THEATER

The scenes of the play are changed with great rapidity. When an act is finished, the curtain is not drawn, but the stage-setting and the actors in their final poses are mechanically whirled out of sight. The entire stage revolves like a gigantic turn-table, and the new scene that has been prepared on the rear half of the platform is swung around and presented to the audience. The actors who are to take part in it are already in position to begin their business. Those who make their entrances later in the scene do not appear from the wings, but come stalking in from the back of the

parquet circle down a narrow elevated aisle ; sometimes making long speeches before they reach the stage.

There are, of course, no chairs or seats of any kind in the auditorium. The parquet is merely a sloping floor divided into little trays or boxes of about four square feet by railings about eight inches high. For comfort's sake I came to the *matinée* in native costume. My faithful servitor, Tsuni Horiuchi, had secured one of those little trays, and in it we wedged ourselves. Throughout two acts I sat successfully in Japanese fashion, my legs shut up beneath me. During the



By permission

A STREET OF SHOWS

third act, however, my Occidental muscles unused to this Oriental stretching begin to warn me that the end is near. I whisper to my boy that I must straighten out my legs or die ; but *how* ?—that is the question. There is no room. “I will buy room for your honorable feet,” he answers ; and

rushing out he returns with tickets for the vacant box in front of us. Then gently unfolding my stiffened members, he draws my feet carefully under the intervening rail and deposes them, toes pointing skyward, in the middle of that adjoining box.



Photograph by Enami

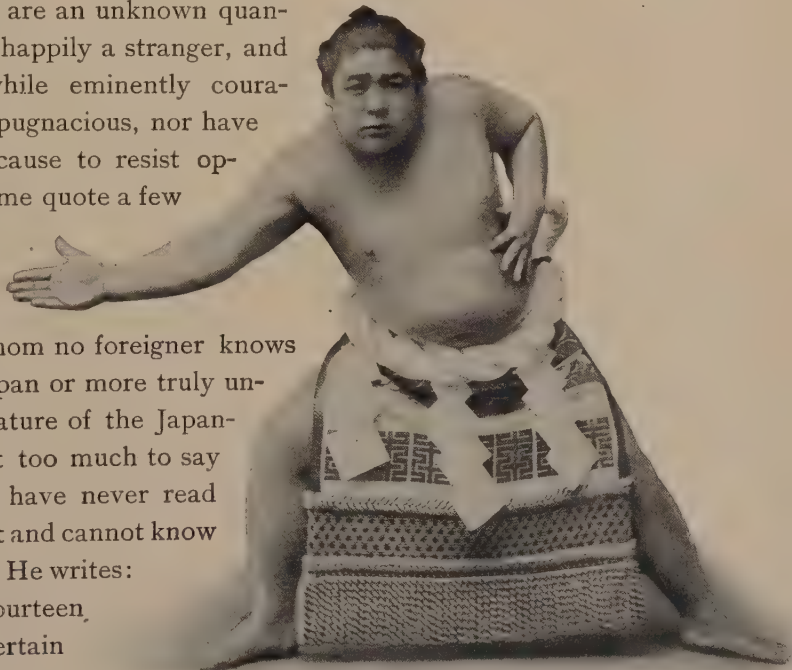
A WRESTLING TOURNAMENT

We boldly meet the amused smiles of the spectators, and like them, proceed to order tea and saké, and also soups and omelettes,—for the play lasts from early morning until dark, and everybody is expected to have one or more meals brought in from the tea-houses which serve also as ticket agencies.

Leaving the theater, we go in search of more exciting entertainment at the wrestling-pavilion. A pair of brawny braves are about to test their powers before an admiring public. What boxing is to the Anglo-Saxon, and fencing to the Frenchman, such is wrestling to the Japanese. The

wrestlers are a class apart, recruited from among the big men of the land where little people are the rule. Fat, rather than muscular in appearance, they depend more on sheer brute-force and weight than on agility and skill, the object being to tumble one's opponent out of the ring as expeditiously as possible. But our interest in this rude sport soon flags, and we depart to prepare for our journey from Tokyo to the western Capital, Kyoto, three hundred miles away. We shall, however, travel leisurely and with many lingerings.

The country through which we are now to make our way is one of the greenest countries in the world. In every traveler's note-book the word "green" is repeated time and again on every page. At certain seasons of the year Japan, from end to end, is one long, beautiful, entrancing symphony in green. It is the Emerald Isle of the Orient,—an Emerald Isle without potatoes, famine, shillalahs, or oppression, for in Japan potatoes are an unknown quantity, famine is happily a stranger, and the people, while eminently courageous, are not pugnacious, nor have they ever had cause to resist oppression. Let me quote a few words from one of the books of Lafcadio Hearn, than whom no foreigner knows more about Japan or more truly understands the nature of the Japanese. It is not too much to say that those who have never read his books do not and cannot know the real Japan. He writes: "I have been fourteen months in a certain



province, and I have not yet heard voices raised in anger or witnessed a quarrel ; never have I seen one man strike another, or a woman bullied, or a child slapped. Indeed, I have never seen any real roughness anywhere that I have been in Japan, except at the open ports where the poorer classes seem, through contact with Europeans, to lose their natural politeness,—their native morals,—even their capacity for simple happiness."



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

" WHERE ALL MOVEMENT IS SLOW AND SOFT "

And this is literally true. Again he speaks of "The supremely pleasurable impression produced by the singular gentleness of popular scrutiny." He says : "Everybody looks at you curiously, but there is never anything disagreeable, much less hostile, in the gaze. Most commonly it is accompanied by a smile or half smile, and the ultimate consequence of all these kindly curious looks is that the stranger finds himself thinking of fairyland. Hackneyed to the degree of provocation this statement



Photograph by Otis A. Peole

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

no doubt is. Everybody describing his first Japanese day talks of the land as 'Fairy-land' and of its people as 'Fairy-folk'; yet there is a natural reason for this unanimity in the choice of terms to describe what is almost impossible to describe more accurately. To find one's self suddenly in a world where everything is upon a smaller and daintier scale than with us,—a world of lesser and seemingly kindlier beings, all smiling at you as if to wish you well; a world where all



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

NOON

movement is slow and soft and voices are hushed; a world where land, life, and sky are unlike what one has known elsewhere—this is surely the realization, for imaginations nourished with English folk-lore, of the old dream of a world of elves."

Again, he asks, and with good cause, "Where are the outward, material signs of that immense new force that Japan has been showing both in productivity and in war? Nowhere. The land remains what it was before. Its face has scarcely been modified by all the changes of the present period. The

miniature railways and telegraph-poles, the bridges and tunnels, might almost escape notice in the ancient green of the landscapes. You might journey two hundred miles through the interior, looking in vain for large manifestations of the new civilization. A Japanese city is still what it was centuries ago—little more than a wilderness of wooden sheds, picturesque, indeed, as paper lanterns are, but scarcely less frail."

A visit to the site of Kamakura will show us that this is true, for Kamakura, once the greatest city of Japan, has almost vanished from the land. During the comparatively



THE KAMAKURA BUDDHA FROM THE RICE-FIELDS

brief period of her written history, Japan has had more than sixty capitals, of which the greater number have completely disappeared. Kamakura is only one of those threescore of imperial cities that have passed into oblivion. But to the former greatness of the place one thing bears enduring testimony,—it is the Dai Butsu, a gigantic bronze image of Gautama Buddha, the most impressive, awe-inspiring monument in all Japan, nay, more—in all the Orient. We are told that it is fifty feet in height, the face from ear to ear is seventeen, an eye, four feet across, and that within the image is a



Photograph by Enami

GAUTAMA BUDDHA

chamber where more than a hundred men may kneel in prayer. But all these details add nothing to our admiration for this great medieval work. Its very presence inspires awe and reverence. It stands the symbol of a great religion, and is to educated Buddhists in no sense an idol. Sadly at variance with the grand teachings of Buddhism are many of the practices and superstitions which now dim the "Light of Asia." But just as the lotus-flower rises from the slime in purity and



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

LOTUS

beauty, so do the great, pure thoughts of Buddha stand forth from the mists of superstition in which the cult has long been shrouded. Why the lotus has become the symbolic flower of the Buddhist faith has been told us in graceful words in the English composition of a Japanese school-boy who writes:

"Though growing in the foulest slime, the flower remains pure and undefiled.

"And the soul of him who remains ever pure in the midst of temptation is likened unto the lotus.

"Therefore is the lotus carved or painted upon the furniture of temples ; therefore also does it appear in all the representations of our Lord Buddha.

"In paradise the blessed shall sit at ease enthroned upon the cups of golden lotus-flowers."

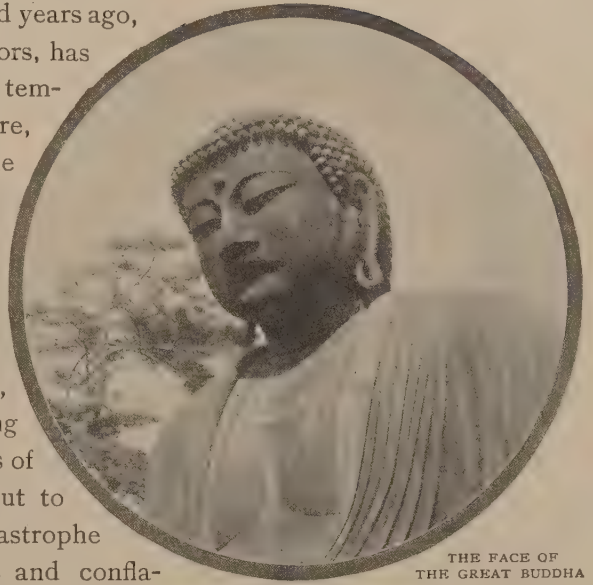
The Dai Butsu has sat here in silent contemplation for more than seven centuries. Once it stood in the heart of a great city; now it looks out upon the abandoned site of Kamakura, the vanished capital. Almost a million people once dwelt round about it; what were the busy streets of long ago are now become grassy lanes. A mere village bears the proud title of Kamakura,—thatched huts and rice-fields have succeeded the imperial palaces and gardens,—the Japanese



Photograph by Kimbei

PROFILE OF THE DAI BUTSU

metropolis of seven hundred years ago, the home of the old Emperors, has disappeared. All, save the temples and this mighty figure, has been destroyed by time and war and flood and fire. Four centuries ago the Buddha sat within a gorgeous temple. In 1494 a tidal-wave rushed inland from the neighboring bay, swept away the sheltering temple, and with the débris of an engulfed city bore it out to sea. But neither this catastrophe



THE FACE OF
THE GREAT BUDDHA

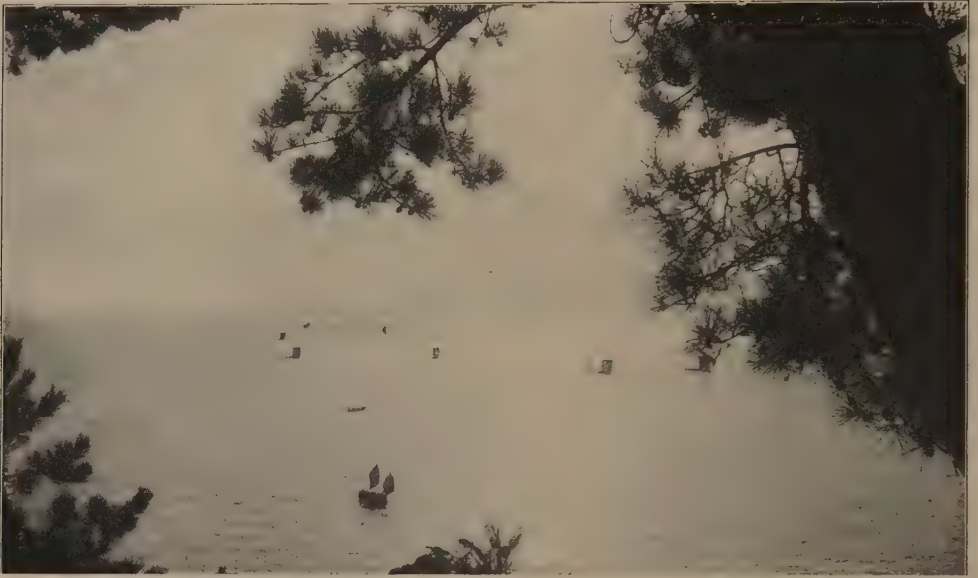
nor the innumerable wars and conflagrations that have raged round this imperishable form have disturbed the eternal serenity of the face so divinely calm, nor caused a quiver of the half-closed lids beneath which sleep great eyes of gold. In these bronze features there is a something supernatural that by its mystery both fascinates and awes us.

As I stood for the first time in this great presence, I thought to comprehend, though dimly, the calm that comes of



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

BUDDHA'S NEIGHBORS



Photograph by O. M. Poole

SAILS ON THE SEA

self-annihilation and perfected knowledge, the calm that is reflected in the face of the Dai Butsu. The slow succession of the centuries and the swift march of events have left no trace



AT ENOSHIMA

upon this changeless countenance. Nay, more,—those eyes of the Great Buddha, though on a level with the treetops, were not even raised to look out seaward upon that strange fleet, called “the black ships,” which half a century ago approached this land under the guidance of our famous Perry.

Yet well might the Buddha have taken heed of them, for they were bringing to Japan undreamed-of changes, and a future full of progress and of turmoil. Their coming was the



THE WAY TO ENOSHIMA

signal that Japan's period of peace and isolation was drawing to a close. Our ships brought to the Japanese a thousand new responsibilities, which were accepted at first with reluctance, then with willingness; and now for the first time in the history of nations a dark-skinned people has assumed and is bearing worthily the “white man's burden.”

Continuing our journey we visit briefly the lovely island of Enoshima with its high-perched yadoyas and temples and then travel slowly westward along the old Tokaido, or



FROM AN INN AT ENOSHIMA



ON THE TOKAIDO



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

PILGRIMS

“Highway of the Eastern Sea.” This was once the most frequented route between the eastern and the western capitals, and throughout its entire course of three hundred miles it was paralleled by a continuous series of villages of shops and inns and lodging-places for the retinues of traveling princes. To-day the daimio, or nobles, are whirled from Tokyo to Kyo-to in modern railway-cars, and the Tokaido, once so brilliant and so full of life, is



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

A PILGRIM'S WATERPROOF

deserted save by the poorest peasants and the most eccentric travelers. The highway leads us soon into the Hakoné Mountains, to Miyanoshita, the favorite summering-place of foreigners and natives. But we are not concerned with the



PROSPEROUS PEASANTRY

luxurious semi-European hotels ; delightful as they are, they are not Japanese. Instead of idling on their broad verandas, we go forth on foot to see what we may see. And everywhere we see the homes of industry and honest toil, surrounded by fields minutely cultivated. The farmers' houses have heavy roofs of thatch with little strips of growing verdure on the ridges. Beneath the eaves hang golden fringes made of yellowing ears of corn.

The interiors are as clean, as chastely simple, as in the houses of the rich. Housekeeping must be indeed a pleasure to the women in Japan, for there is no bric-à-brac to break,

no untidy "tidies" to get mussed, no furniture to move, nothing but mats of straw to sweep and sliding screens on which to paste occasionally a sheet of fresh white paper. So little housework is there to be done that the farmers' wives devote themselves to agricultural toil, and we look with admiration on the sturdy peasant women who labor all day in the open fields. Some of them are threshing rice, one handful at a time, by drawing it across a sort of metal comb. And thinking of our patent threshers, we marvel at this



THRESHING



INDUSTRY

people so rich in patience, so poor in all things else. Yet I doubt if there be a land where content dwells more intimately among the poorer classes than here in the "Land of Rice-Ears." And the courtesy of even the humblest of the



ROADSIDE COURTESIES

peasants gives us a feeling of absolute security amid these gentle, happy-humored people. In these valleys, tea-houses, or roadside resting-places, are as numerous as elsewhere in Japan. Never are we suffered to approach without a welcome. The hostess always bustles out and greets us with low bows, and as she bows, she makes a curious hissing sound by drawing in her breath through her closed teeth. At first it is a little disconcerting to be greeted everywhere by this sound like that of escaping steam, but it is always so; whenever we approach an inn some one apparently turns on the human radiators which continue to sizzle until long after

we have been comfortably installed. And these oft-repeated sniffs are not a sign of influenza ; they are an outward and audible sign of an inward and healthy politeness. They mean that we are very welcome. I always tried to return these greetings with interest and soon became proficient in the back-breaking bow of Dai Nippon and could hold my own with any of them in a hissing contest. But not everywhere are we greeted with smiles, as is proved by the picture



Photograph by Enami

HAKONE

of the glaring stone god that greeted us as we approached another village. That unhappy deity sits at the roadside, his significance a mystery. But after a careful study of his expression and attitude of anguish, and the suggestive position of his hands, tightly clasped over his stomach, we decide that he can be none other than the "God of



"THE GOD OF
UNRIPE FRUIT"



A TEMPLE STAIRWAY

Unripe Fruit,"—in fact, a sort of Buddhist incarnation of the late lamented "Johnny Jones" or "Sister Sue" who ate the "peach of emerald hue that grew," in the fancy of Eugene Field. But unabashed by the forbidding aspect of these rustic



VOTIVE SANDALS

gods, I continued to look after my spiritual welfare by attending church on every possible occasion. Nor is salvation lightly to be obtained in Japan.

A picture of the front steps of one of the temples will convince you that frequent

church-going in this region is more or less fatiguing ; still, we religiously mount every tier of steps to do homage, not to the local deity, but to the Goddess of the Picturesque who sits enshrined alike in Shinto and in Buddhist temples. And our ardor in her service is well recompensed, for never do we climb in vain, invariably finding something worth the labor. Much that is grotesque to foreigners is mingled with that which is naïve and charming.

For instance, we discover a votive-offering that is nothing less than a pair of Japanese shoes or waraji, three feet long, made of heavy metal. We are told that these enormous shoes were the



A NEW USE FOR NATIVE SANDALS

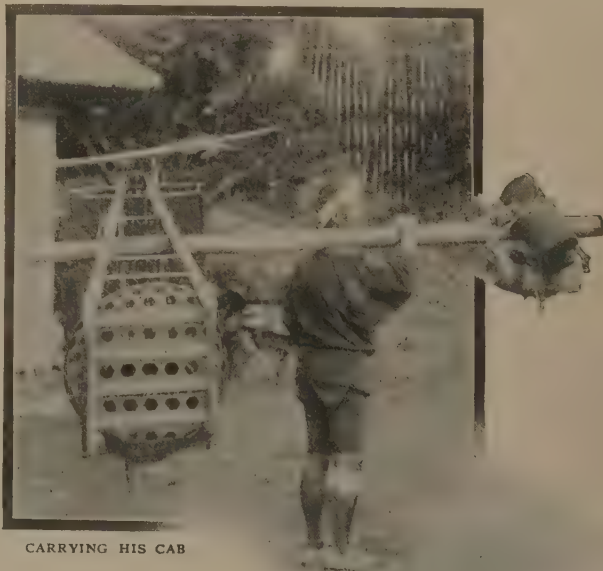
offering of an ambitious jinrikisha runner who desired to excel in speed and endurance all other kurumayas as signally as these shoes excel in size and weight all the waraji of Japan.



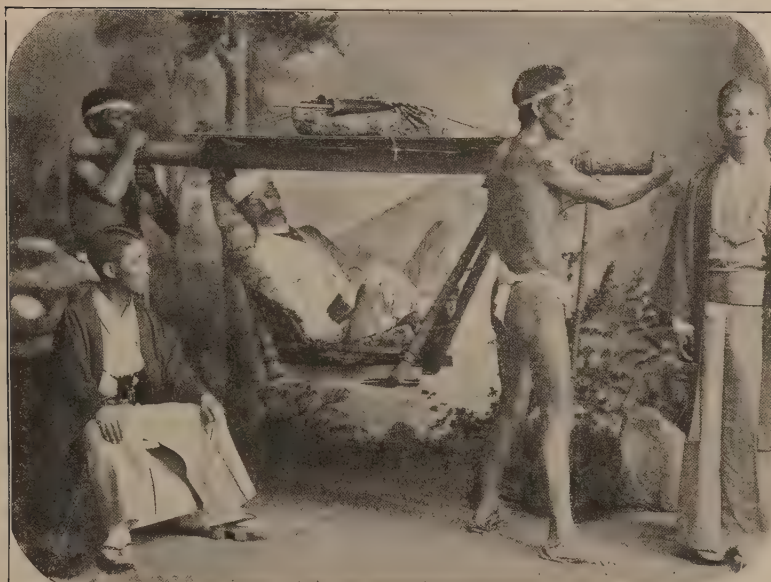
A SPECIAL KAGO

Stout legs are an advantage even for foreign visitors to this mountain region, where those who cannot walk become the victims of the "kago" and its kindred instruments of torture.

The kago is not a complicated sort of conveyance, but it is one that requires long training on the part of its would-be occupant. Absolutely no provision has been made for Occidental legs, which are both much longer and less



CARRYING HIS CAB



Photograph by Tamamura

MY FRIEND FROM MINNEAPOLIS



THE OTOME TOGE



Photograph by O. M. Poole

FUJI

flexible than the Oriental article. A Japanese when riding in a kago sits on his legs, but the foreigner, unless willing



Photograph by O. M. Poole

FUJI

to submit to amputation, is advised to walk or else remain at home. The men who carry kagos carry little else, save a long staff and a skin so beautifully tattooed that the passenger may while away the weary miles in studying the intricate designs upon the bearer's back. A suit of tattoo is ample clothing for a summer day. In fact, it is an ideal hot-weather



Photograph by O. M. Poole

FUJI

costume. It cannot be denied that it fits well, lasts a lifetime, and that it will never fade and never shrink.

As a closing experience in the Hakoné region, we climb to the famous mountain-pass called the "Otomé Togé." This is one of the gateways leading from the Hakoné valleys to the broader valley from which the sacred mountain Fuji-no-Yama rises in one grand sweep. The Japanese speak of their

sacred mountain not as Fuji-Yama, but either as Fuji-no-Yama, "Mountain of Fuji," or more commonly and lovingly as Fuji San, "the Honorable Mr. Fuji." But we continue to regard the lovely mountain as being feminine. To view the sacred summit from the Otomé pass is the ambition of every traveler, but seldom is it possible to realize it perfectly, for as a rule she hides her snow-cone in a hood of clouds or vapor,



Photograph by Tamamura

FUJI-NO-YAMA

exposing to disappointed eyes only the lower slopes which look like a vast inclined plane leading from earth to heaven.

To-day, however, fortune favors us, and Fuji San stands there, revealed in her most somber wintry aspect. Here for a moment let us indulge in that esthetic pastime of the cultured Japanese, called "Fuji-viewing." Ethereal indeed this lovely mountain! Even on near approach it

seems intangible, as if it were but an illusion built of violet mist and flecked with slender drifts of cloud. In summer Fuji wears a dainty crown of silver, and a diaphanous robe of shadowy blue. In winter Fuji shrouds herself in a white mantle that sometimes trails its icy hem in the green valleys round about. But Fuji is not always robed in blue and white; moments there are when the sacred mountain is transfigured by the glory of the sky. At sunset she stands forth in gorgeous purple against a golden background—at sunrise a pink halo hovers turban-like round her head, and as the dawn advances, a pinkish veil unfolds and falls upon her snowy shoulders. Then gradually the morning colors fade, the violet mist rises from the valleys and, on the summit, fearfully far above us, the snow gleams white and pure in the light of a noonday sun. But even brighter is the gleaming of the snow crown of the mountain mirrored in the surrounding lakes.



A FOOT-BRIDGE



OUR EXPEDITION

A submarine Fuji is evoked by every lake or placid stream, and oftentimes the unreal inverted vision is more beautiful than the reality, unreal as that reality may seem.

The great charm of Japan lies in the seeming unreality of things. I did not climb this mountain lest the charm be lost.



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

TEA-HOUSE DRAPED WITH BANNERS LEFT BY FUJI PILGRIMS

I did not care to learn that it is nothing but a gritty ash-heap piled nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea. Those great magicians, light, atmosphere, and distance, transmute the mass of ash and lava into a radiant vision of loveliness and grandeur. Let us remember it as such. Surely no earthly memory can give us purer pleasure. But even were we disposed to climb, the season is too far advanced for us to dream



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

of an ascent. In July and August the mountain resembles a gigantic ant-hill. More than ten thousand pilgrims, women as well as men, swarm up the steep and well-worn paths, sleep in rude huts, and in the early morning are the first of all their co-religionists to greet the Sun Goddess, Ama-Terasu, as with prayers and genuflections on the summit, they welcome

the coming orb of day. It is said that the earth and ashes brought down by pilgrims' feet reascend spontaneously at night. It is now almost two centuries since Fuji's volcanic crater emitted its last fiery breath, and since that time it has slumbered peacefully, to all appearances wrapped in eternal sleep. But although the mountain is no longer a menace to the surrounding provinces, the same awful force that formerly found an outlet through its crater now manifests itself in frequent earthquake shocks; and happy is the town or village



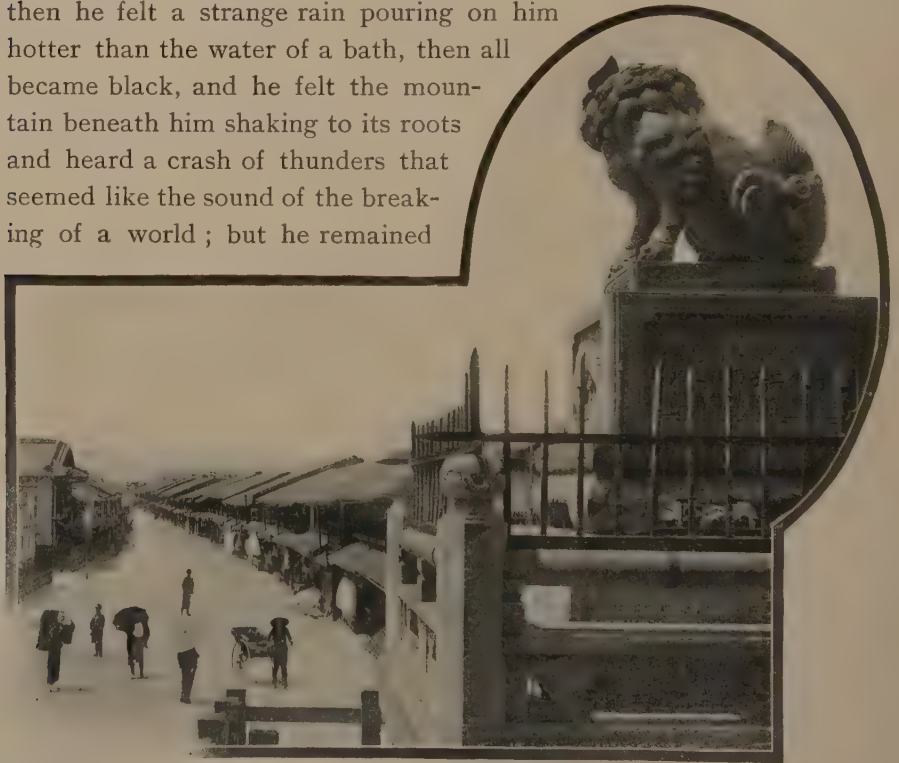
Photograph by Enami

which has not at some time in its history been reduced to a mere heap of *débris*. Thus we begin to comprehend why the Japanese are content with impermanency. They are forced by Providence to accept it. As has been said, "The earthquakes condemn Japan to perpetual simplicity in building. The very land revolts against the imposition of Western architecture, and occasionally even opposes the new course of traffic by pushing railroad lines out of level or out of shape," or even by tumbling steel railway-bridges from their supports. Nor do Japan's catastrophes come always in the form of earthquakes. Sometimes an earthquake-wave, or so-called "tidal wave," sweeps inland for an incredible distance, and then, receding, carries houses, temples, human beings out to sea,



—in an hour, a happy, prosperous shore is given to desolation. This, we remember, is what occurred at Kamakura.

Sometimes the terror comes in still more awful form. In 1888 a great volcano in the north, known as Bandaisan, literally exploded. It devastated an area of twenty-seven square miles. It leveled forests, turned rivers from their courses, and buried villages with their entire population in a flow of seething mud. Lafcadio Hearn tells us of a superstitious old peasant who watched the whole cataclysm from a neighboring peak "as unconcernedly as if he had been looking at a drama. He saw a black column of ashes and steam rise to the height of twenty thousand feet and spread out at its summit in the shape of an umbrella, blotting out the sun ; then he felt a strange rain pouring on him hotter than the water of a bath, then all became black, and he felt the mountain beneath him shaking to its roots and heard a crash of thunders that seemed like the sound of the breaking of a world ; but he remained



KYOTO

By permission

quite still until everything was over. He had made up his mind not to be afraid, deeming that all he saw and heard was delusion wrought by the witchcraft of a fox."

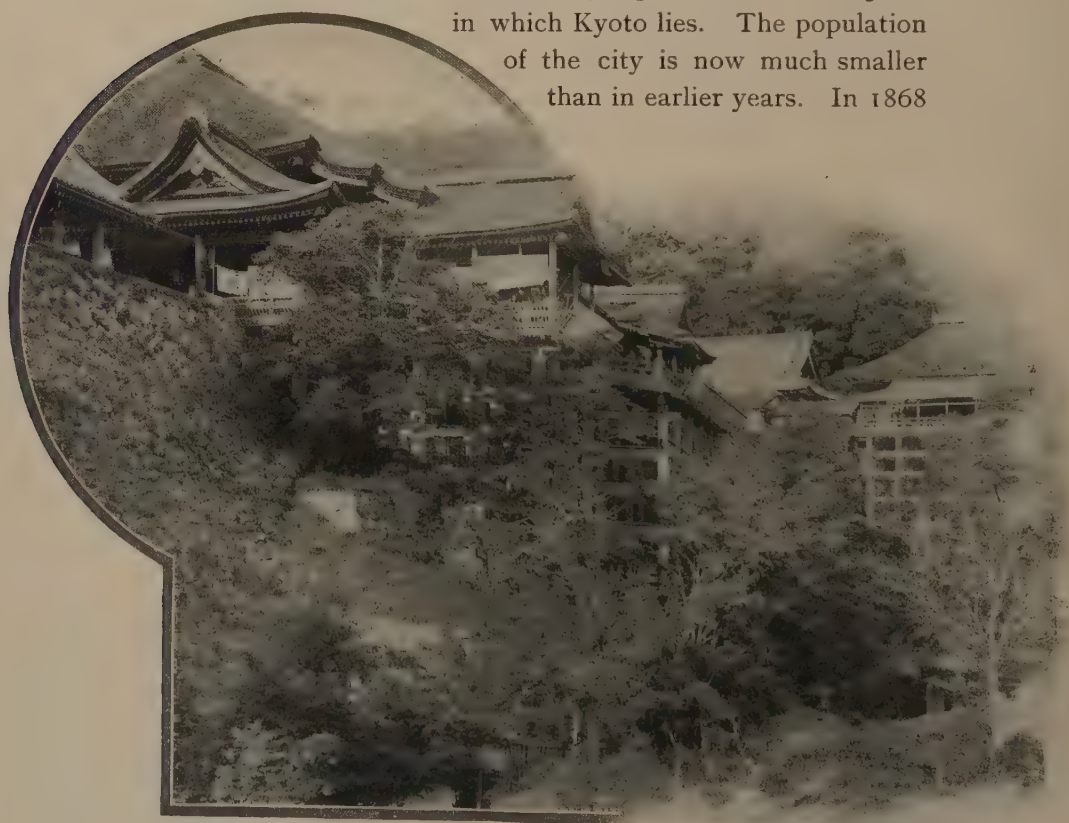
Kyoto is the most attractive city of Japan. Formerly the residence of the reigning emperor, it is even now the



Photograph by Enami

THE GREAT BELL

stronghold of a proud conservatism that loves not the new paths by which the nation is rushing headlong toward its new ideals. At Kyoto even the hotels dedicated to the comfort of the foreigner are not unpicturesque, and the hotel Yaami bears to a certain extent the imprint of its quaint surroundings. It stands on Maruyama, one of that historic range of hills that like a verdured wall shuts in the Holy City. On the slopes a chain of gorgeous temples and monasteries rose during past centuries, making of these hills a sort of sacred rampart, crowned with the citadels of old religions; and between two of the most ancient monasteries the Yaami Inn stands forth, its numerous verandas commanding a panorama of the plain in which Kyoto lies. The population of the city is now much smaller than in earlier years. In 1868



Photograph by Enami

KIOMIZU



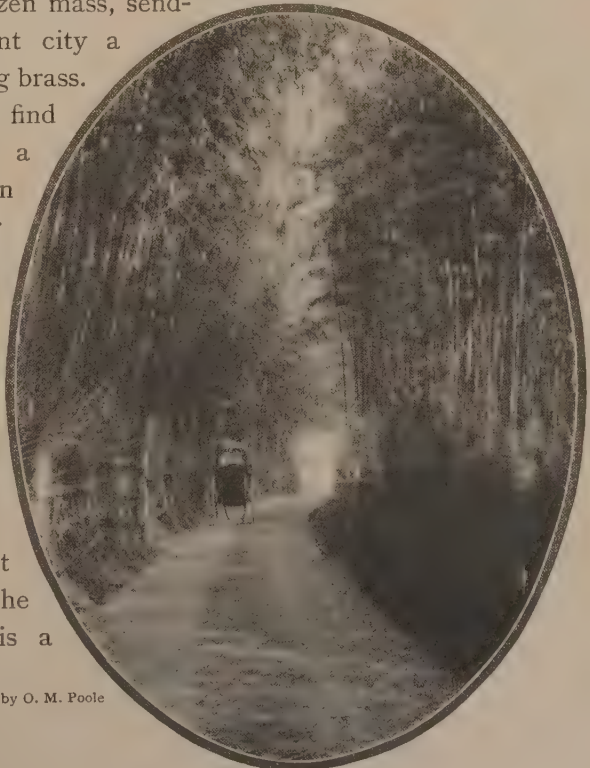
Photograph by Enami

A BAMBOO AVENUE

the Emperor removed his court to Tokyo, and since that time Kyoto has been shrinking, and many points of interest once well within the city are found at present in the open fields. In the flood-tide of its prosperity this capital found its broad and sheltered valley all too small, and so its sea of structures rolled slowly up the surrounding slopes. To-day that tide is at the ebb, only the temples having resisted the reflux, for they still cling proudly to their hillside groves; but as we stand here, thinking of Kyoto's lordly past, our reverie is rudely interrupted by a deafening boom, a sort of thunder-clap, made musical. And not a hundred yards away we find the source of this torrent of bronze music, for the deep waves of sound proceed from a huge bell, a dome of metal weighing almost a hundred tons. It has no metal tongue, but is made to speak by means of a huge beam of wood which, suspended horizontally from a scaffold, is swung, end on, against the brazen mass, sending out over the silent city a sonorous din of quivering brass.

Not far from here we find the Kiomizu Temple, a place of worship high in favor with the poorer classes and unique in situation. It overhangs a deep ravine and is supported by a scaffolding in which a veritable forest of big trees has been employed.

We notice that just below the railing of the temple-terrace there is a



Photograph by O. M. Poole

A BAMBOO CORRIDOR

sort of picket-fence projecting at an angle of forty-five degrees. "What is it for?" we ask. "To keep the people from throwing rubbish into the ravine?" Not at all. It has been placed there by the government to curb the exuberant expressions of gratitude on the part of the ladies of the



Photograph by Otis A. Poole

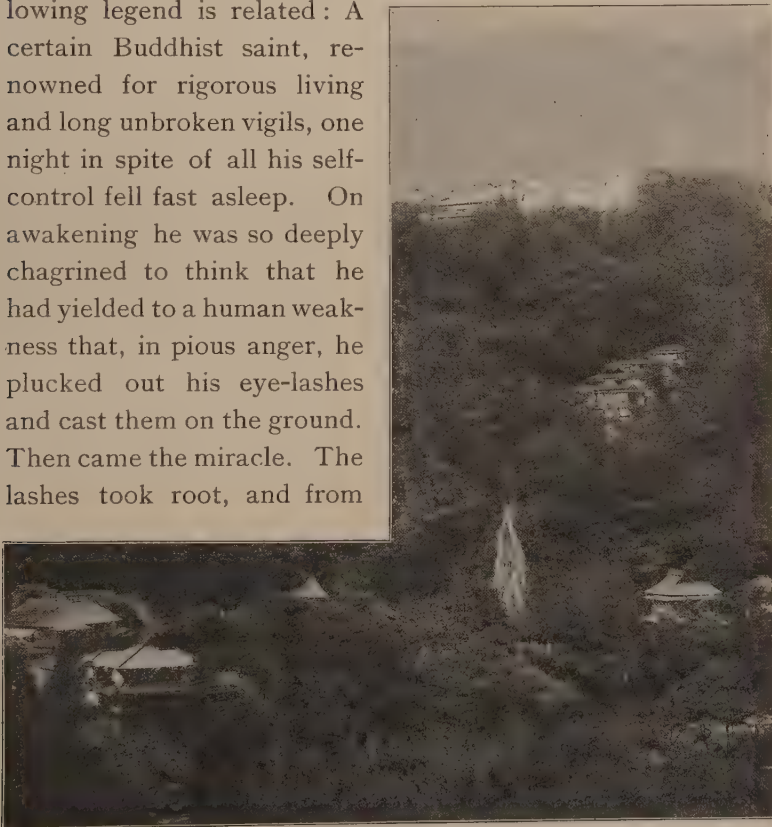
TEA-PLANTS

congregation. Many a gentle little maid or wife having made secret vows to the gods has leaped from yonder terrace, not in disappointment, not in despair, but in pure thankfulness because the gods of Kiomizu had answered some tearful prayer or caused some blessing to descend upon the family of the suppliant, who thus freely offers her life in payment of a debt of gratitude. Strange, indeed, the Japanese idea of duty.

Continuing our ramble along this sacred slope we find ourselves suddenly in one of the delightful bamboo avenues that wind along Kyoto's guardian hills. Far above our heads the feathery tips are unceasingly in motion, swaying softly with the lightest breath, and, as they caress one another, making

a gentle rustling sound that quite completes the charm. Lovely they are, but indispensable as well. We cannot picture a Japan without bamboo, for these same graceful trees are put to the most varied uses; their branches are twined into the very network of the manufactures of Japan. And then how rapidly they grow! To-day a little sprig—next week almost a tree.

A little farther on we pause before another Buddhist temple, and here let me remind you that it is to a priest of this religion that we owe the pleasures of the cup that cheers but not inebriates. For of the origin of the tea-plant the following legend is related: A certain Buddhist saint, renowned for rigorous living and long unbroken vigils, one night in spite of all his self-control fell fast asleep. On awakening he was so deeply chagrined to think that he had yielded to a human weakness that, in pious anger, he plucked out his eye-lashes and cast them on the ground. Then came the miracle. The lashes took root, and from



Photograph by Ogawa

MIYANOSHITA

them sprouted a new, strange plant, the tea-plant, whose leaves have ever since possessed the power of keeping men awake all night. May blessings be upon that saint!

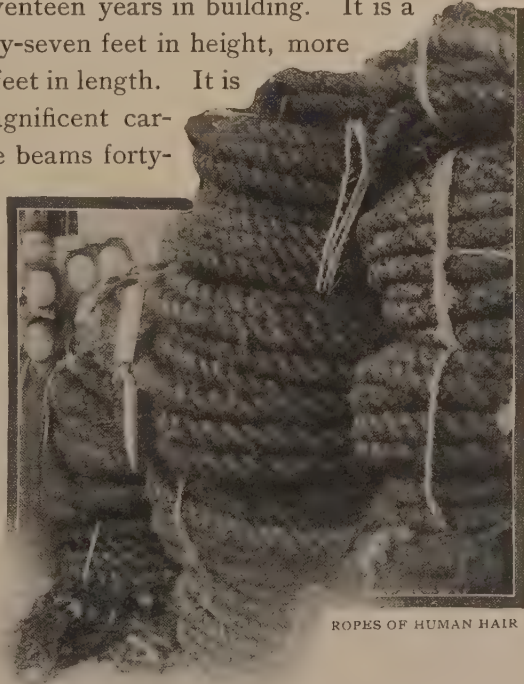
The temples of Kyoto seem almost numberless, and yet we found at the time of our visit two new temples rising from the heart of this long-since-completed city. Incredible, indeed, but true it is, that old wise Kyoto, not content with her three thousand half-deserted temples, must needs construct two more and make them grander, finer, and one of them more enormous, than any of the boasted structures of the past. What is more marvelous, the largest structure, the Higashi Hongwanji, rises, not with the aid of government or prince, as did the ancient shrines, but owes its being to the common people and the peasants, who, by gifts of money and material, of time and labor, have rendered possible this mighty undertaking. Clever carpenters have given their strength and skill to shape into pillars the gigantic trees that have



A MOUNTAIN OF CARPENTRY

been cut down and hauled to the city as offerings by worshippers whose homes are in far-distant forests. Those who had nothing to give yet gave something ; witness the gigantic coils of rope, indeed the strangest offering of all, and the most pathetic, for, believe me, they are made of human hair. Yes, it is true — poor peasant women, destitute of all save their wealth of raven hair, sacrificed even their crowning glory, and, braiding their jet black tresses into mighty ropes, sent them to be employed in hauling timber for the construction of the temple. One of these cables is three hundred and sixty feet in length and nearly three inches in diameter. And now, the work accomplished, these coils of human hair remain as a memorial of the faith of unknown thousands of pious, gentle souls who have not hesitated to make sacrifice, at the call of duty, even of their good looks. And yet we have been told that Buddhism is a dying faith !

The Higashi Hongwanji cost no less than eight million dollars and was seventeen years in building. It is a hundred and twenty-seven feet in height, more than two hundred feet in length. It is a mountain of magnificent carpentry. There are beams forty-two feet long ; pillars nine feet in circumference. The painting of the altar-screens cost ten thousand dollars, and all this eight-million-dollar structure has been paid for by the coppers of the poor. A



ROPE OF HUMAN HAIR

hundred thousand peasants came hither to attend the dedication. This looks as if the ancient Buddhist faith were very much alive in the hearts of the common people of Japan.

I could of course lead you on from temple to temple until the full three thousand have been visited, but I shall make your penance light and ask you to visit only one more—the famous Temple of the Thirty-three Thousand Gods. Here we may see at one glance more deities than we could see in a pilgrimage of forty days. The interior suggests a grand-stand at a Jubilee procession, filled with spectators from some strange Oriental paradise. A glittering company of heavenly beings is assembled here as if to witness some imposing ceremony; nor do we see them all. Behind us are massed an equal number of silent brazen

figures, a host of Amazons, bristling with innumerable arms and weapons, their heads encircled by elaborate golden halos, their faces wreathed in that same supercilious Oriental smile—that smile with which the gods of the East look down upon terrestrial events.

Continuing our ramble through the streets, we pause to ask the



RELIGIOUS MENDICANTS

meaning of a curious mound which occupies the center of a square. This, they inform us, is the "Mimi Zuka," and relate that in the good old days it was a custom for victorious generals to send home to the capital the heads of all the enemies slain in battle by their armies. The rival generals sent by Hideyoshi to conquer Korea, three hundred years ago, slew



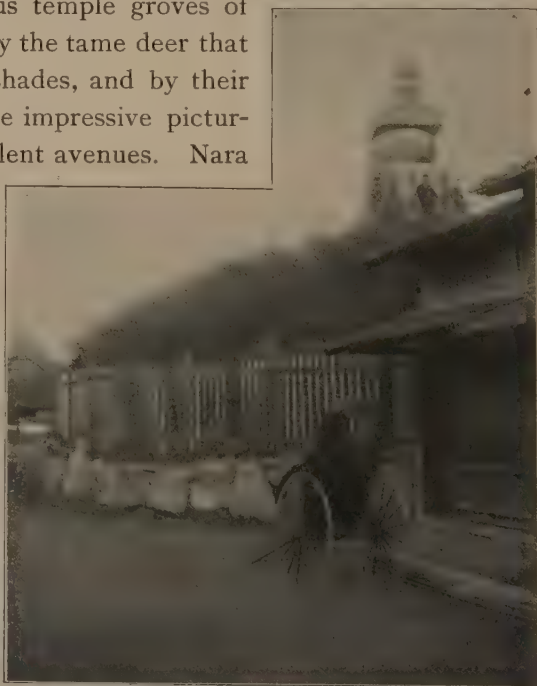
Photograph by Enami

SOME OF THE THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND GODS

so many foes that their small fleets could not contain the heads ; so struck by a brilliant idea, they snipped off all the ears and noses of their slain adversaries, salted them carefully, and then shipped to Kyoto many a cargo of assorted Korean features, and these after being counted and their number recorded, were buried in this common grave. A tombstone

was then raised in memory of this multitude of nasal and auricular appendages pertaining to the vanquished Sons of Cho-sen.

Leaving Kyoto, a delightful journey of one day by rikisha brings us to the site of Nara, another vanished capital of Old Japan. Nara was one of those famous metropolises that succeeded one another in the past. As has been said, no fewer than sixty cities have been in turn metropolis and capital. Most of them now have disappeared. A few, like Kamakura and Nara, survive as unimportant villages, because of their temples or their religious associations. Two of them only, Tokyo and Kyoto, rank among the living cities of to-day. A thousand years ago Nara was at the zenith of her prosperity and power. The sacred Emperor dwelt within her gates. Her streets were crowded with princes and pilgrims come to do homage and to worship there; but as to-day we wander through the famous temple groves of Nara, we meet only the tame deer that haunt the forest shades, and by their presence add to the impressive picturesqueness of the silent avenues. Nara was the cradle of Buddhism in Japan. Here the new faith brought by the priests from China was fostered by the sovereigns of the seventh and the eighth centuries. Here for the first time in Japan was preached the gospel of Gautama



THE MOUND OF THE KOREAN EARS

Buddha, the doctrine of salvation by self-perfectionment and meditation. The teachings of Buddha, spread broadcast over all the land, quickly won the hearts of men, and threatened the extinction of the native Shinto faith. The people enthusiastically embraced this new religion which taught that there was



Photograph by Enami

ONE OF THE NARA TEMPLES

no evil except the slavery to bodily desires and passions, and promised eternal peace to those who should by prayer and meditation attain the state of Buddhahood and be absorbed into the infinite soul of the universe, or, as it is expressed, enter Nirvana. But the Buddhist faith no longer reigns alone at Nara, for a Shinto temple occupies a place of honor in this grove, contrasting in its severe simplicity with the elaborateness of the earlier shrines. There is in the simple ritual of Shintoism, in the plainness and bareness of its temples, and in the absence of all idols—a dignity that charms us. The priests of Shinto, like the priests of Protestantism, are not

debarred from matrimony.

Many of them train their

daughters to perform

the sacred "Ka-

gura," a dance

which dates

from the myth-

ical period and

is one of the

most solemn

rites of the relig-

ion. On my arrival

at the temple, a soli-

tary visitor, I found the

sacred dancers all arrayed in

their immaculate robes, prepared to go through, at the pilgrim's



THE SHINTO
CORYPHEES AT NARA



bidding, the slow, calm movements of the Kagura. I signify my willingness to pay the accustomed fee, and at my words, the priests don their ceremonial robes, an ancient dame brings forth a koto, and to an accompaniment of twanging strings and deep-drawn groans from the men, the dance itself begins. The sacred ballet-girls are scarcely more than fourteen years of age, but perform their task with a statue-like gravity ; they glide softly about, waving a sprig of green or a cluster of gilded bells. When the dance is done, they sink to the ground as if exhausted, and the monotonous chanting slowly dies away. It is at Nara also that we find the most hideous bronze Buddha of Japan. Though a seeming travesty of Kamakura's noble image, it is in reality much older and much larger ; but as a work of art this bronze is utterly beneath consideration. Its ugly head has been four times melted off by the burning of its temple ; and we cannot but regret the ill-advised generosity that has made possible the re-casting of so execrable a countenance.



AT NARA



Photograph by Kimbel

THE DAI BUTSU OF NARA

Our route is now westward to the famous Inland Sea. The Inland Sea is a calm expanse of imprisoned ocean, bounded by the great islands of Japan,—Hondo, Shikoku, and Kiushiu,—and dotted everywhere with innumerable tiny isles, usually bare and treeless, but of most fantastic shapes, and in the autumn sunsets glowing with rich shades of red and gold.

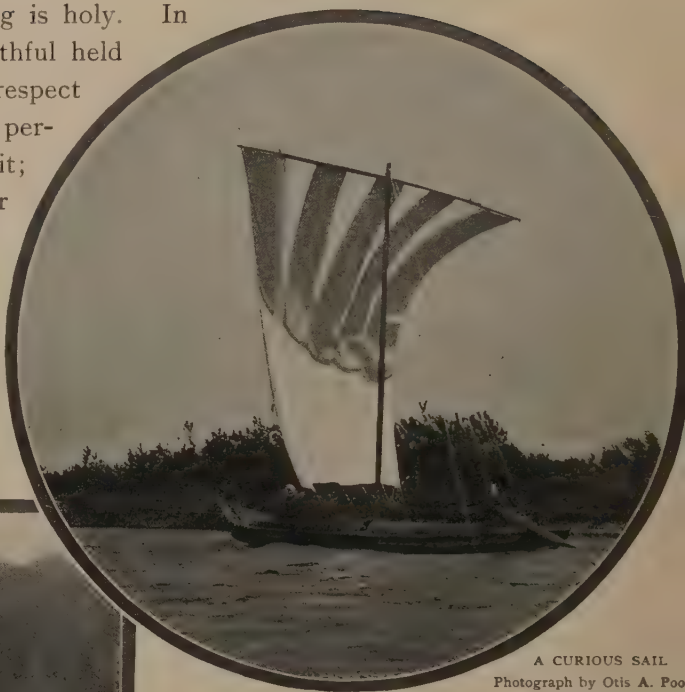
Every town, every little fishing-village, has its special charm ; but everywhere the natives reply to our enthusiastic raptures, "Wait until you have seen Miyajima, the Sacred Island. Then may you praise the beauties of our land." And so it is with undisguised delight that we behold for the first time the summits of that much-reverenced isle ; and our impatience to arrive increases as our coolies swiftly cover the intervening miles. As we approach, we note with pleasure that, unlike the other islands, Miyajima is not treeless and rocky, but buried in luxuriant verdure. To reach it we embark in a small boat and slowly cross the narrow strait that lies between the mainland and Miyajima. Soon our sampan



THE INLAND SEA

glides beneath a stately, wave-washed torii. The broad arms of the sacred gateway are extended as if to welcome the fisher pilgrims who come to pray at the temple—a temple that appears to float upon the surface of the bay. Beyond

this torii everything is holy. In former days the faithful held the isle in such respect that dogs were not permitted to exist upon it; and, what is stranger still, no human being was permitted either to take up the burden of existence or to shuffle off this mortal coil upon its hallowed



A CURIOUS SAIL

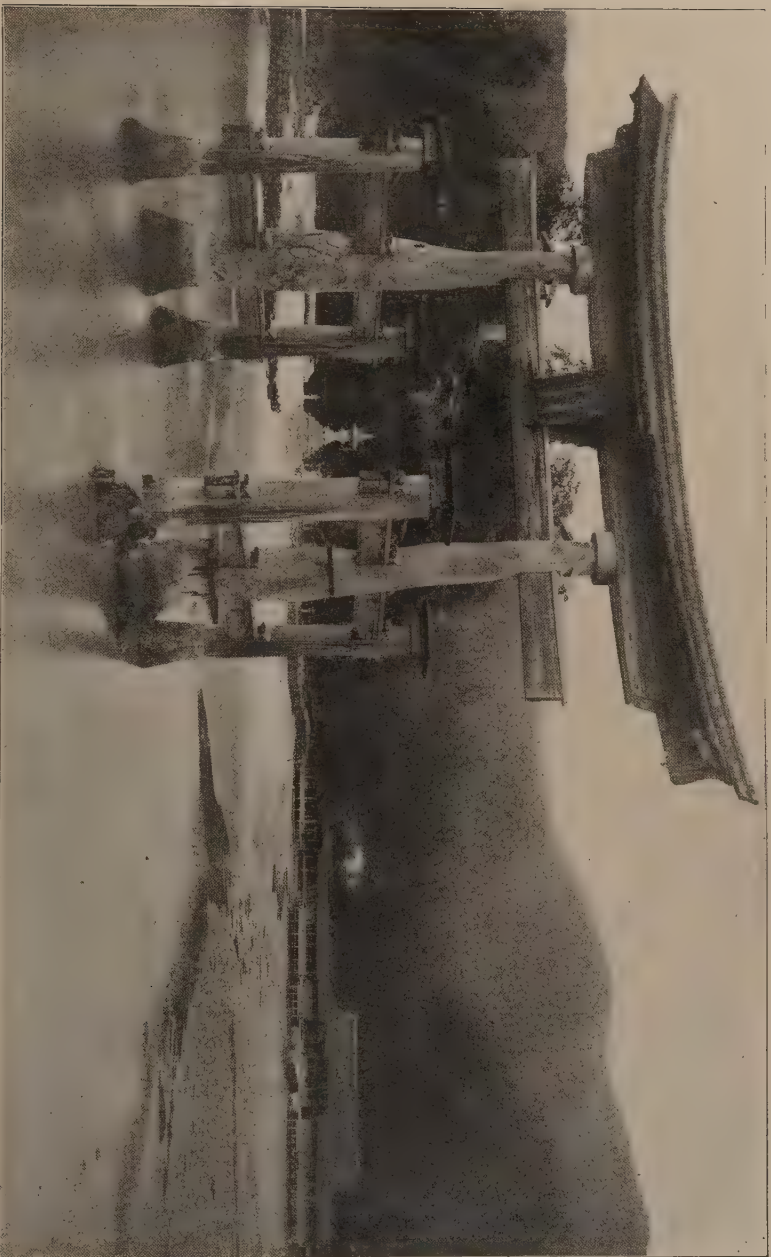
Photograph by Otis A. Poo

shore. Nay, do not disbelieve me; both births and



Photograph by Enami

THE TEMPLE OF MIYAJIMA



Photograph by Kimbel

EBB-TIDE AT MIYAJIMA

deaths were prohibited by the strict canons of the Buddhist church. A traveler who should prove to be so inconsiderate as to die at Miyajima would never be allowed to make a second visit ; accordingly we solemnly resolve that as courtesy demands it, we shall try to live at least until we reach some other place, a place where we may die in peace without offending the religious scruples of an entire population.

We do not wonder that the Japanese have sanctified the island, for we know that to the Japanese everything that is beautiful or strange is also holy. Even to us Miyajima appears as a glorious out-of-doors cathedral, with pinnacles of rock for spires, maple-decked valleys for its aisles and



Photograph by Ogawa

THE TORII OF MIYAJIMA

chapels, great trees for pillars, the beauties of all nature for adornment, and for a dome, the eternal vault of blue. Every day of our stay reveals new beauties, and at last we enthusiastically agree that Miyajima merits well its title as one of the



FROM MY WINDOW AT MIYAJIMA

famous "San Kei" or "Three most lovely sights" in all Japan. Even the little tea-house where we make our home is more than commonly attractive. In it they say no foreigners have ever lodged before; but I doubt not that the barbarous stranger is now a familiar figure in its dainty, matted rooms: that he has often pushed aside its paper windows and breathed the same sigh of delight as he looked down upon the village there below. Here is one of the most "real" corners of the Real Japan; and when in December, 1892, I looked upon it, the thought that mine was the only foreign eye to feast on all this quaintness and this beauty gave me a sense

of ownership in it all—the proud pagoda on the cliff—the modest dwellings far below—the granite stairways and the terraced streets,—of all these I took possession; and as I sat there in my tea-house window and looked out upon my realm of beauty, framed by the distant hazy mountains, encircled by the calm, blue waters of the Inland Sea, I was more proudly content with my possessions than were any of the old-time princes who surveyed rich subject-provinces from the upper gables of their feudal castles. But of all my



ON THE INLAND SEA

empire the scene my memory will last surrender,— the scene that is always first evoked by the mere mention of Japan, is that lovely vista from the pagoda on the promontory. From the tall cliff I looked upon the gorgeous sunsets of those short

December days, and lingering in the twilight watched the mysterious outline of the sacred Torii as it faded slowly into the gathering blackness of the night,—and the vanishment of that symbolic arch always reminded me that very soon my days in fair Japan would pass from the joyous light of the Present into the sober twilight of the Past ; that it would soon be time for me to say a final “Sayonara ”—a farewell. And how perfectly that musical word expresses what we feel in leaving fair Japan—for its literal meaning voices regret and gratitude. “Sayonara ”—“if it must be so.” But as I breathed the word, I found a consolation in the hope that as this scene was always conjured back by the dawning of the morrow’s sun, so might the coming of some future morn bring to me on its golden wings the promise of another visit to Japan. Other richer journeys may await me, but none will leave for me the same peculiar charm, nor in remembrance give the same enthusiastic thrill ; for the Japan that I have tried to show you and to tell you of, is the Japan that fascinated me when I was twenty-two.



